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CONTENTS

MUST WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY? *

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WHATEVER may be our view of life, we must all at some time or other come to terms with ourselves on the question, What shall be our attitude toward its ending? There are few of us who really want to go. Life may be hard and bitter; and yet we cling to it as better than the leaving. Where it is joyous, only the more reason for wishing to remain on earth. When thoughts of the last hour steal into our minds, how then shall we greet them? We can dispose of them if we will by merely dwelling upon what is less disquieting. Yet surely a sturdier disposition is possible. How may we lay the fears for good and all? How may we force even death himself to pay tribute to what we believe the supreme reality? Until we make up our minds stoutly how we will meet this test of our mettle, we cannot face the shadows like men and women.

We believe here that even for those who cannot frame the comforting reply of faith in a heavenly hereafter, a bold answer is possible, a resolute answer born not of surrender but of high confidence that what is most excellent remains most excellent, though we who have served it must pass away, and that life is endowed with boundless worth, howsoever brief may be the hours which each of us calls his.

To fix our position clearly, it is necessary that we glance

*From two addresses before the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 1913.

first at certain tenets which are commonly accepted. They keep recurring when we linger over the problem; and it is well to look at their claims before we proceed. Let me begin then with two reasons why the ordinary consolations are for many of us impossible, remembering as always that utterances from the platform of our society are understood as pledging only the speaker and not our fellowship in its entirety. If we were still in our childhood, it might well be questioned whether such a scrutiny is advisable. But we are not altogether children. We have come here to face the problem of life's fundamental values. The answers which we must make are too important to be trusted to vague hopes which we have not the courage to explore with all the clearness we may. Since we must take some stand or other, why not make it the position of men and women who have fronted their difficulties squarely and not fallen back upon a tremulous wish?

The first stumbling-block is the idea that one can go on living as a conscious individual without a bodily organism. Yet it is for this that the believer pleads. "It is a mistake," he contends, "to think that a body is needed for your continuance. The something which you call 'you' is not your head or your arms or all your bodily members together; it is not a thing that can be closed in a casket and laid away under ground. The 'you' is what happens to live for the time being in your physical frame. Death simply means that you, the personality, depart from that shell; it does not mean that you vanish." It is only fair to add that this view is held by many persons of the highest intelligence, masters of physical science like Sir Oliver Lodge, philosophers like Henri Bergson. This, however, conveys no assurance of its essential soundness. Aside from the fact that there are men of science as capable as Lodge who reject the idea—(and these, if a count were

taken, probably more numerous than those who believe it), we cannot establish our positions by pointing to this or that eminent fellow-believer. Beliefs must stand or fall on their own merits.

The difficulty with this is that it rests upon a contradiction of its own assumptions. It says that I can continue to live, conscious that I am I without the presence of any kind of body; and then it goes on to speak as if some form of physical organism were really preserved. Though it discourses of disembodied spirit, it asks us to think of that spirit as behaving in ways quite inconceivable unless bodily mechanism of some sort remains.

Consider, for example, what gives a person the sense that he is himself and not someone else. How does Jones know that he is Jones and not Smith? Is it not that he is conscious of acting in such and such ways in a world of bodily things? He has physical features which he recognizes in the mirror. He speaks in tones of voice which he recognizes as his own and not another man's; and these are produced by physical action upon vocal chords, lips, tongue, teeth and cheeks. He is himself, a distinct person, because he is aware of using his bodily mechanism in certain ways rather than others—reading books, experimenting in a laboratory, swinging a golf stick, dictating correspondence, visiting his patients, and so on. Life means activity in relation to other things and beings; and he expresses these relations by employing physical media or bodily powers in the same way that impressions to him from the world outside reach him ultimately by way of his nervous system.

And now, suppose, as we are bidden to do, that all these organs are gone, brain, hands, mouth, eyes, ears—with nothing left but disembodied spirit: how can a man still know his identity? How will he be occupied in his end-

less spirit-life? Merely in thinking? But even thinking, no matter how sublimated, is presumed to have some kind of bodily activity as its ultimate outcome. The answer most worth considering is the ethical reply that the future life is our opportunity for endless moral growth. Life here on earth is so fragmentary! We plan and sow, and then death stays our hand ere we have scarce begun. Which of us can live out all his ideals? Hence, runs the argument, we must continue the process of trying to live them, on and on beyond the border, growing ever closer to the infinite ideal which nothing short of eternal life can possibly attain.

I wish I knew just why people believe this. I have never been able to satisfy myself for any length of time that such a life is possible. Why, consider! An architect, let us say, who has made himself the kind of man he is by years of faithful devotion to his calling, is planning a building in which his loftiest ideals are at last to find expression. He dies before the plans take their finished form. Now he is to go on growing. But how? Can we think of him as still developing himself without continuing to take some relation toward the physical things which played so essential a part in his life here? To keep on as a person he must do the things which make us persons and not purposeless specks of animation. What, however, is he to do? How is he to carry forward his unfulfilled ambitions? Is he to draw (or rather *think*) plans for a spiritual building made not of bricks and mortar, but spirit? Is he only to dream? But if so, wherein lies the growth, the endless process of development for which the future is said to be granted?

What growth means here in our earthly life we can indeed understand. Among other things it signifies growth in our vocational powers. It means finer use of the moral

opportunities afforded by our bodily gifts and bodily obstacles, getting rid, for example, of the wolf and the ape that still linger in our physical make-up. What makes us moral individuals now is the fact that with this or this unique bodily heritage, each of us is called upon to work out the special problems thus set for him. It may indeed be true that other problems await us beyond the border; but has any authentic indication yet come to us that "conscious individuals" can work at them without brain and other bodily equipment?

There is ample ground for the suspicion that most of those who speak of this endless growth of a purely spiritual being covertly carry over into the idea of that celestial life the bodily powers which are presumed to have been discarded. They dwell upon this future existence as engaged in solving the ultimate riddles, learning, seeing, hearing, communicating with other disembodied souls, even appearing before the eyes of the living (as some cults believe) in the form of apparitions. How is this possible? First, the future life is called wholly spiritual, that is, independent of the existence of anything bodily, and then the physical mechanism is re-introduced in attenuated form like that of a ghost supposed to be nothing but spirit and yet sufficiently material to possess definite outline and color, besides the power to beckon with its fingers and move its lips!

In this connection I recall an experience illustrative of this mode of thinking. A teacher held up a piece of paper and asked his boys how many dimensions it possessed. The answer came at once that it had two—length and breadth, but no thickness. How could there possibly be "thickness" to anything so thin? "Well," continued the teacher, "suppose that fifty sheets of this paper are gathered into a pad—will the whole pad have thickness?" Yes, that

was quite possible. "Then how can the total possess three dimensions if each sheet has only two?" Outwardly this was convincing; but many of us still nourished our doubts. It was undeniable that the quarter-inch for the entire pad was impossible unless each sheet possessed one fiftieth to contribute to the total; but for all that, it was hard to believe that the single thin sheet could really be said to have any "thickness" whatever. One two-hundredth of an inch was such a tiny thing: why should we let it count?

May it not be that a similar mental difficulty is responsible for the belief in an after life of individual growth? Close questioning will often reveal the fact that what is really believed is not a life completely immaterial, but an existence carried on in a kind of attenuated, ghost-like body similar to the thin sheet of paper in possessing so little "solidity" as to seem not actually there. For many people, the existence which they count a spiritual immortality is a life which still retains a thin but none the less real physical envelope. The Epistle to the Corinthians speaks of bodies rising from the grave on the day of judgment, different bodies to be sure, says the author, from those first laid there, as a plant is different from the seed cast into the ground—but bodies for all that. In his poem "Prospice," Browning sings of rejoining his wife in heaven and clasping her to his bosom. Kipling, in a poem on his departed brother-in-law, pictures a heaven of literary men listening to tales told by God, "and they rise to their feet as He passes by."

Illustrations might be multiplied without end. People still keep the idea of the material envelope, no matter how spiritual they protest their conceptions to be. It is undoubtedly true, as even the dullest wit must concede, that the language of poetry is bound to employ such concrete

imagery. But this very need simply confirms the difficulty of those who cannot believe. It is impossible to image a single detail of this future existence without the bodily presence supposed to be forever discarded and unnecessary. Attenuating it does not banish it. Howsoever we rarify the envelope, it remains a material thing.

Here the believer falls back upon the faith into which he usually retires at such junctures. He relies upon a general trust in the beneficent purpose of Providence. Men long for immortality; and how can God be good unless in his own inscrutable way, he provides that *somehow or other* the longing is to be satisfied? We look at man's progress up from the plant life to the animal, from beast to man, from savagery to civilization, says John Fiske; and how can we suppose that a moral being, the fairest product of this travail of the ages, is at last to be completely annihilated? Or we think of the world's miseries, the manifold sufferings which are never assuaged on earth; and then we must ask: "What else shall save us from pessimism, if not the trust that all will be made right beyond the grave? Are the hopes of men a mockery? Wrong here simply means a final right in the beyond. The proof is the Creator's love."

Here again, it is possible to appreciate this trust; and I would not for a moment speak of it lightly. But I cannot share it. I cannot believe that wrong now is a guarantee of right hereafter. We judge by what we know; and all that we do really know is what we have learned on earth. We see beauty of course; but we also see ugliness. We see what looks like the wisest, most loving forethought; but we are forced to admit the reality of misery also, cruel waste and maladjustment. These do not encourage such a trust. In no other department of life do we persuade ourselves that the existence of present wrong

is the guarantee of eventual right. Why should we here? Where in all our dealings with men and things do we guide our conduct on the assumption that they must at last be good just because we first found them bad? Why should we so act in our religious thinking?

Or why should we rest, as the believer does, in the faith that the craving for the after-life is itself a guarantee of its own trustworthiness? Again and again our worthiest cravings are denied. What is more common to mankind than the longing to remain on earth? For all the hymns and all the aspiration after heaven, most people would rather live than die. For all the consolatory prayers at funerals, they weep when their loved ones go. They do not crave immortality half as much as all men long to remain on earth with wife and children and friends. If the very craving is the guarantee of its own fulfillment, why is the universal hunger for life on earth not satisfied? Why say that the failure of this one is so sure a sign that other longings will be granted? It is indeed true that a father frequently does act in ways which seem cruel to his children but are really meant for their good. Yes, indeed; but then we know that there are such fathers intent upon their children's good; we do not know this about the father in heaven. Unless all trust in human intelligence is mistaken (and if this is so, why reason with one another at all?) longings undeniably worthy are often painfully thwarted. Let those who can do so continue to believe that this is the guarantee of later fulfillment. Many of us find it impossible. Without denying that the faith of the believer may be sound in spite of our inability to share it, we are compelled in constructing a plan of life for ourselves to say that these are conceptions which we cannot employ.

If then we cannot draw the orthodox inferences from the existence of man's better nature, what can we regard as investing life with unfailing splendor? Much remains which still allows us an attitude eminently devout.

For one thing, there is the thought that what is good is no less good for not enduring eternally. Does the fragrance of a rose lose in sweetness now because its petals at last fade and drop? Is anything deducted from the beauty of a song because at last a final note must throb? Endless continuance would not make it more worth the hearing. So of the life of duty. Being good, it fulfills its purpose in the very fact of that goodness. No more is needed to make it worth while.

For those who love the thought of a vast duration, there is the further reflection that our lives instead of being detached, isolated things, are in touch with an eternal grandeur animating both our fragmentary existence and the life of all mankind, namely the spirit of human goodness or the moral order. Its origin, let us be frank to say, we do not know; but its reality is beyond all doubt. To this ultimate presence the deeds of all peoples bear lasting witness. They have given it various names—spirit, conscience, the presence of God in man. Call it by what name you will, it is there at the heart of the noblest human life, a fount of energy at which in all ages men and women at their best have drunk but which they have never wholly fathomed. It inspired them to lay down their lives in the past for truth, for country, for the release of the downtrodden, for the uplifting of the sorrowing and the sinful. It quickens human souls to-day where it leaves earnest men and women restless under their own shortcomings and under the charges pointed at our civilization by pauperism and vice and crime and war. Why this restlessness? Why, but for the driving power of the moral

sentiment, do they not accept their present levels; or why do they not fold their hands and simply turn away from the sight and sound of the world's wrong? A holy stirring within forbids such disloyalty.

This winter the thrill of this presence was caught when news came of the way in which the moral promptings spoke to the soul of the explorer Captain Scott. Our first mood was one of terrified pity at the slow death which must have overtaken this party of bold spirits on the lonely sheet of Antarctic ice. We could picture their sinking of the heart when they realized that they could not reach the station where food had been stored for them, but that here where they stopped they must wait, simply wait for the last sleep in the silent snow. This was the scene upon which we were forced to dwell, until it was pierced by the ray of pure white light that shone through the words found in Captain Scott's hand:

"But for my own part I do not regret this journey which has shown us that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the hearts of all Englishmen. These rough notes on our dead bodies must tell the tale."

It is no dream, the existence of the moral reality to which this message bore witness. It points to something more than one man's courage; it testifies to the presence of a whole moral order. It was not an isolated act. Other men have done heroic deeds like his. In all ages, in all lands the world over, men and women have responded like him to the noblest demands of the human spirit. They still do so. They will always do so as long as they can choose between a higher and a lower.

This is what we mean by the moral order. There is a world of things which we can see and handle, the world of trees and stones and bodies; but there is also this other world made up of acts of heroism, of high longings, of forgiveness, of shame at the thought of debasing conduct, of endless effort after exalted behaviours. It is a world which existed long before we were born and which will continue to grow in grandeur long after we have closed our eyes. But we are part of it now. We are members of it by virtue of every fine act we do. Every time we choose the way of courage rather than cowardice, the way of justice and mercy rather than injustice and hatred, we attest our kinship with all those other souls who have poured, or are still to pour, their priceless contributions into its unfathomed depths. And whether or not it be ever known of other men that we have so acted, we still remain members of that order, each of us needed for the unique gifts by which we make it what it is.

These are among the inferences which we can draw from the witness of man's better nature. What are the practical consequences for those who take such an attitude? Is their moral energy left crippled by the thought that their individual existence does not endure forever? Not at all. How is anything precious taken from high behavior by the fact that here on earth, now or never, is their only chance? A father is anxious, for instance, to see his boys and girls properly embarked upon the main current of their lives before he shuts his eyes. Will he labor less earnestly because now is his only opportunity? Why, on the contrary, is not the preciousness of the chance on earth increased rather than diminished by the fact that it will pass forever if it be not seized now? The thought of eternal continuance may even become not a

help but a hindrance. With all eternity before me, why hurry? Where I have a whole year to complete a journey, the loss of a day is negligible; it is not so where I have only a week. What is a year of life compared to the hundreds upon hundreds of years that do not even begin to constitute this eternity of which we speak so familiarly? It is less than five centuries since Columbus landed in America. A long time this would seem; but now multiply it by five million and then by five hundred million and keep on multiplying each new product for a thousand years, and you have not entered even the vestibule of eternity. What else does the word mean? If a man's chief deficiency is indolence, I do not see how the thought of all these ages in which to grow better will urge him to put energy into banishing the fault.

Why should we believe that life must necessarily be mean because it is brief? In the book of Isaiah, there is a picture of the Lord reminding the children of Israel that a day of judgment is at hand. He calls them to weep and to mourn, to cut off their hair and gird themselves with sackcloth. But the misguided folk instead put on their festal robes and sit down to a banquet: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die." This is Isaiah's picture of supreme unreason. He draws it to illustrate the lowest conceivable depth of degradation. And yet this conception is employed by the orthodox as the last word about human nature in general. That men are so sunken as to fill all life with the pleasures of the beast just because it is brief is declared the attribute of all mankind in the doctrine of Paul, a doctrine worshipped as a word direct from on high because he employed it to point his argument for resurrection. No other possibility is open to our wretched human family than his alternative, "If

the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Nothing else! And yet there are people who repeat the text from Corinthians as if it were a heaven-sent inspiration. Inspiration, forsooth! As if it were not as gross a libel upon man's moral being as could possibly be uttered. Granted that we do behave at times like beasts. Is it the thought of life's brevity which so persuades us? A man receives word from his physician, let us say, that he has only a year to live. "Quick, then; off to the saloon and worse; let him get his fill of bestial pleasure while a spark of life still burns! With only a year left, let it be an animal's year!" Is this the measure of our manhood? Will all men respond in this fashion? What an outrage upon human dignity it is to say that only the thought of eternal life will guard against behaving like a beast!

The acceptance of this doctrine is characteristic of the way in which the world takes up religious catchwords which when they are tracked down are found to embody the most degrading ideas, and treats them as if they were the purest idealism. The world so loves to think in terms of sharply contrasted alternatives. You must put on either sackcloth and ashes or else your banqueting robes—a third possibility, namely your working clothes, being evidently unthinkable; you must either weep all day or else wear a perpetual grin; you must either believe that you will rise from the grave or else you must live now like a beast. As if there were not this equally sure guarantee against the fool's conduct—the moral self in man hating the wrong, loving the right, no matter how short the term of existence! It is not true that the brevity of our years diminishes the worth of life. On the contrary, the thought of "now or never" may become an even surer incentive to enhance it.

I sympathize with the longing that death should not end all. We put our best effort into the building of fine lives, digging and heaping "with aching hands and bleeding feet laying stone on stone." Then comes the closing hour; and shall it mark no more than the futile end of all our efforts? Is all our endeavor to go into the making of a noble life, and then come to no more than this when the last hour strikes?

No, it is not wasted, first, because a good life while it lasts is better than an unworthy. In the second place, it is saved from annihilation by its effects upon the life of those who come after. When non-believers are accused of lack of imagination for not confessing faith in individual eternity, the wish arises that those who make this charge might spend the effort of imagination to trace the consequences here on earth of each act of good that men do or leave undone. Who can picture the ultimate outcome of a single admirable deed?

Here is one illustration of human consequences which has just come to my notice. A teacher whom most of you know had inspired one of his pupils among many others to take up work in a downtown settlement; and through this pupil his inspiration was passed on to those whom she in her turn influenced for good. Of the boys in her club several in their time became club-workers, and in one group so directed, this incident happened: One of the lads had longed to go to college but was kept from his ambition, so it seemed, by the death of his father. The spirit of his club, quickened by the influence of its director, came to his aid. The boys resolved that they would see their gifted member through. They are only sixteen or seventeen years old, all poor themselves, and yet by entertainments and the like, they managed to rase a few hundred dollars. Their clubmate went to college, and overtaxing his young

strength to meet his expense as far as he could by his own efforts, he injured his health. Undaunted his comrades set to work to raise additional funds.

It is worth the effort of imagination to trace such incidents as this back and ahead as far as we can. Follow it back to the inspiration of the young club director who told his teacher that he was only carrying out with these boys what she had meant for him and his fellows years before; go back to her teacher and from him to those whose best had touched his best. Then look forward: What will these lads gain from this combined effort to help their comrade? If we have any faith in human goodness, we may be sure that they will be truer parents, teachers, citizens, for learning thus early what it means to pass on and increase the sum of the world's blessings. Picture these causes and consequences; and do this with other golden deeds. Turn to history and see the life of our day poorer or better for things which men did or suffered before we were born; and then ask whether imaginative outlook is impossible for lives which content themselves with the trust that they will live on in the seeds of good which they sow now.

What, however, if we fail, or if no right effect upon other lives is discernible? Again, the effort is nevertheless worth while. What is excellent in conduct, as has been said, needs no further purpose to dignify it. Our fairest ambitions may be disappointed. With the best intentions in the world, we may succeed only in being misunderstood. Twisted, uninspiring impressions may be all that others receive from the touch of our lives upon theirs. But even in spite of such consequence, the will to do good has not been wasted. If it did no more, it made the right kind of person out of those who put it forth. The consolation lies in the thought that we have tried. At least this much we

have done, we have made ourselves this kind of person by the effort, not as successful as we would want to be, but at least of the sort who have tried their utmost. This may comfort us in the end, not the thought that in the distant future we shall be rewarded by seeing our efforts crowned with success, but that here and now we have tried to add the only kind of lives worth adding to the human type. And better than drawing comfort is the inspiration to work the harder now for the good which once neglected we shall never again be able to attempt.

Let us turn from the terrestrial view of our own destiny to consider the consequences of such an attitude when we regard the lives of others. Again I can see that only good can result when we shift the emphasis from the life beyond the grave to the mundane. Is an offense against a fellow-being less a wrong if we think of him simply as a human soul and not necessarily immortal? How true are the words of John Ruskin:* "Hear me, you dying men who will soon be deaf forever! . . . . This fate which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance; you may crush them . . . . and they will never rise to rebuke you; their breath which fails for lack of food, once expiring will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing. . . . . Is it therefore easier for you to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain? Will you be readier to the injustice which can never be redressed, and niggardly of mercy which you can bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse forever? I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would do this, well understood."

*Introduction to *Crown of Wild Olive.*

Who will not assent to this judgment upon our kind? It is here or never that we make life more of a blessing, less of a curse, for our fellows. There is a pang which cuts deeper than any thought that the dead are gone forever: it is the reflection that while they lived, we failed to show them all the respect, all the kindness which was their due. It is the loving word which the living person did not hear that makes the funeral eulogy almost a mockery; it is the flower which we did not offer him in life that makes the flowers on his coffin breathe by contrast almost poison. Oh, friends, let us learn what it means to live with one another before it is too late! The word of forgiveness which may never get the chance to be heard, speak it to-day. The clasp of the hand bringing back to a benumbed heart the sense that it is understood and trusted, give it now when it is needed, ere the day comes when the sting will hurt that it was ever withheld or delayed.

It is part of the beneficent ministry of death's angel that his hand (in Dr. Adler's phrase) lifts the veil from the faces of the departed and makes us see them as we did not see them before—with only what is noblest shining through. The deficiencies are somehow vanished; the weaknesses, the imperfections, over these we do not linger. The deepest and the truest in the departed is all that we behold. Not in death only, friends, let us look upon others in this way; but now and here, when there is still time to treat them as such souls deserve to be treated—with reverence for this truest nature in them, this ultimate jewel of worth by which even the most common is dignified.

And when the day finally arrives for the last good-bye to those who are closest, what shall keep us from the crushing sense that all is forever over between us? We

cherish no hope of future re-union. Is there then no further tie to be thought of than a memory? More than this passive bond may be. Surveying the years since the death of his Beatrice, Dante was able to write: "Whensoever she appeared to me in a vision, the flame of charity kindled within me, caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me." In this sense the dead do not wholly leave us. They become our guides and teachers often as never before, now that we see what they were, even children beckoning with their tiny hands to heights which their memories bid us climb. In the deeds which we do because of our departed, we tell that the tie between us has not all been broken. In the moments when we do the noble acts which their image prompts, we are closest to them.

This, fellow-members, may be our answer to the challenge of death: "While life remains, live nobly." The reassertion of what is best in earthly endeavor is the way to rob the grave of its victory; for even there the human good can plant the banner of life. It does so when it bids the fears begone. In the very act of rising above the terror which our weaker moods suggest, we assert that which is mightier than death. Before the greatness of great behavior he stands always defeated; for this is forever mightier than he. So let us walk unafraid. In the fadeless worth of duty is our strength and our consolation —in loving deeds, in a firmer hold upon the values that persist, in the renewed sense of the preciousness of the opportunities remaining. Looking for no new daybreak across the boundary, yet not afraid to go when the twilight gathers and our call is sounded, waiting for no new accession of splendor when the line is crossed, but striving to fill life now with all the purer grandeur for the brevity of the time allowed—so we can live our days in touch with the eternal power greater than the angel of sorrow. Think

of life here—its sanctity and augustness. Use its opportunities to prove the sublime stature which a human soul can reach on earth. Thus will be fortified the conviction that no good can be wasted. To labor without end for excellence—this it is which makes life worth the living; and when the last minute is struck, to look back over the years and be able to say, "I have at least tried to fill them with the work of a true man or woman"—this will let us close our eyes in peace; for this is why we live at all.

A Psychological Study of Religion, Its Origin, Function and Future

By JAMES H. LEUBA
Professor of Psychology, Bryn Mawr College.

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AS THEOLOGIAN*

HORACE J. BRIDGES.

THERE is no more fascinating problem to be found in contemporary literature than that of the spiritual development of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. His numerous books reveal him as a most lovable man. He belongs to a class, traceable in English letters from the days of Chaucer until now, which he has himself defined (in an essay on George Borrow) as that of the "character." He is a singular blend of the seemingly incompatible attributes of Sir John Falstaff and Dr. Samuel Johnson, combining the riotous good spirits of the one with much of the sagacity and moral sanity of the other.

One is struck, at the first glance over Mr. Chesterton's literary output, by his versatility. He has turned his hand to nearly every possible branch of the bookmaker's craft. During a comparatively short literary life, he has turned out poems, novels, biographical and critical studies, detective stories and,—most singular of all,—a Christian apologetic. The one thing that he has not yet attempted is the writing of plays; and thereby, one suspects, hangs a tale. Even a superficial study of his numerous novels reveals a singular incoherence in the workings of his fancy—an incoherence which leads one to think that the reason why he has not attempted drama is a well-grounded distrust of his own powers in that direction. In all his stories, from "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," down to and including "Manalive," one is impressed, and indeed oppressed, by

*The substance of a discourse delivered before the Chicago Ethical Society on January 26, 1913.

the chaotic looseness of the structure. Characters appear and disappear, incident merges into incident, with a reckless disregard of causality and probability which makes them quite incapable of reduction to dramatic form.

Now, this fundamental incoherence, this recklessness of reality, is characteristic not only of Mr. Chesterton's creative fantasy, but also of his thought on the great issues of life and destiny. His mind is that of a spoiled child, and he spurns at logic as the spoiled child at parental authority. This inherent defect, moreover, has been intensified by the fact that, like almost all the successful literary men of the present day, he writes far too much. We find him every week in the *Illustrated London News* and the London *Daily News,* and almost every month in almost every magazine. Nay, it is impossible, nowadays, to open that grave and reverend Roman quarterly, the *Dublin Review,* without finding Mr. Chesterton's motley jostling against the philosophic cloak of Mr. Wilfrid Ward. Now it is inevitable, even with the most painstaking of craftsmen, that in such an output quality should be sacrificed to quantity; much more, then, with Mr. Chesterton, who is the least painstaking. Even his best and most finished work —even the ostensibly mature and considered judgments of "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy"—are palpably spoiled by haste. And no doubt the inadequacy of his book on Mr. Bernard Shaw is partly to be explained through the necessity of complying with time-conditions arbitrarily imposed by a commercially-minded publisher. In the latter essay, as its victim has pointed out, a whole chapter is spoiled, and the entire estimate of one of Mr. Shaw's most important plays is reduced to absurdity, by a "howling misquotation."

This light-heartedness, this irresponsibility, which leads Mr. Chesterton, in an essay which he must at least have

revised carefully for the press, to misquote and misrepresent an old and admired friend, will naturally play havoc with his judgments upon men and things towards which he stands in an attitude, not of sympathy, but of infuriated contempt. It is not too much to say that the tendency towards slipshod quotation and scorn for fact which seems native to him, and which has been developed by the habit of hasty work, has hardened into something like absolute incapacity to express accurately, or to estimate fairly, any point of view with which he does not agree. Take, for example, the following attempt on his part to make out that Ethical Societies are exclusively composed of futile idiots, lectured to by their own kind. On page 238 (American edition) of "Orthodoxy" the following sentences are to be found:

"There is a phrase of facile liberality uttered again and again at ethical societies and parliaments of religion: 'the religions of the earth differ in rites and forms, but they are the same in what they teach.' It is false; it is the opposite of the fact."

It is indeed false! After an intimate acquaintance with Ethical Societies extending over thirteen years, both in England and America, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Chesterton never in his life heard this imbecility uttered in any Ethical Society; he never heard it said by any sane person anywhere. It is a misrepresentation so huge and palpable that, if we did not know our Chesterton, we should be inclined to dismiss it as a deliberate falsehood. That, however, it is not. It is the expression of intellectual wilfulness; the dictum of one so accustomed to substitute sneering for fair argument that he can no longer distinguish between them.

The defects of the Chestertonian literary style have been pointed out by many critics. Our author is given to riot-

ous exaggeration; nine times out of ten it is impossible to assume that he means what he says. In the London *Spectator* of January 4th last, there appeared an able criticism, in which the judgment was expressed that this blemish in the work both of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw is so serious that it will debar both of them from a permanent place in literature. However this may be, it does at least constitute a serious strain upon the interest and attention of the reader. One grows weary, especially in Chesterton, of the perpetual use of mere verbalisms, of antitheses which are not antithetical, of the opposition of terms that do not exclude each other. To take the first instance that occurs to one's memory: Mr. Chesterton said, when discussing an old controversy between Ward and Huxley, that the dialectical victory really lay with Ward, but that Huxley secured the public verdict by reason of his greater powers of literary expression. Mr. Chesterton's wholly false way of stating the case was this: "Ward could think, but Huxley could write."

This absurd opposition of perfectly compatible terms is typical of a thousand similar misjudgments. It is as though one should say, "Ward could eat, but Huxley could drink." If the writer really meant what he implies —that Ward could not write and Huxley could not think —he was guilty of an outrageous libel on both of them. So far does Mr. Chesterton carry this tone of dinner-table chaff into what purport to be serious literary and intellectual judgments, that he undoubtedly deserves the crushing censure passed by Mr. Birrell on the style of Macaulay. Macaulay's style, says Mr. Birrell, was admirable for many purposes, but it had one serious defect: it was not adapted for telling the truth about anything. That is what is the matter with Mr. Chesterton. He has many and admirable powers, but his capacity for exact

accurate statement has been so long abused and misused that it now seems practically destroyed.

I have said that he sneers at his opponents, and substitutes for serious argument an appeal to the gallery. Let me prove my point by taking the first instance that comes to hand as one turns the pages of his books. I open at random the volume of papers entitled "All Things Considered," and on page 189, in an essay on "Science and Religion," I find this complete demonstration of my contention. Mr. Chesterton quotes from some unnamed exponent of the New Theology a passage to the effect that modern science had shown that there never was a historical event corresponding to the theological notion of the Fall of Man. He comments upon the assertion as follows:

"It is written with earnestness and in excellent English; it must mean something. But what can it mean? *How could physical science prove that man is not depraved?* You do not cut a man open to find his sins. You do not boil him until he gives forth the unmistakable green fumes of depravity. How could physical science find any trace of *a moral fall?* What traces did the writer expect to find? Did he expect to find a fossil Eve, with a fossil apple inside her? Did he suppose that the ages would have spared for him a complete skeleton of Adam, attached to a slightly faded figleaf?" [Italics mine.]

Observe the jugglery!—and remember that these are the words of one who has presumed to enter the lists in behalf of orthodoxy, and thereby professed himself familiar, at least in general outline, with the doctrines of orthodox theology. The writer he is here attacking had not suggested that physical science could find any traces of a *moral* fall. Neither had he suggested, or even dreamed, that science could prove that man is not deprav-

ed. He referred to evidence, not of a moral fall of man, but explicitly of an historical event which by orthodox theology has always been alleged to have resulted from the Fall of Man; and that an event of which, if it had occurred, physical science could not have failed to discover abundant traces. His context clearly showed that he had in mind St. Paul's theory of the Fall and its consequences. Now, according to the orthodox doctrine, as expounded by St. Paul, and as expressed in the epic of Milton, the Fall of Man was an event which *"brought death into the world,* and all our woe." That is what the New Theologian was talking about. His perfectly plain meaning was, that if the orthodox doctrine were true, our science could not have failed to verify it by showing that at a certain definite epoch the phenomenon of death first took place in the world. What physical science has proved is that death has always been the correlative of life, from the first far-off dawn of physical sentiency. Now if Mr. Chesterton does not know that all orthodox Christians, like St. Paul, have understood the Fall of Adam as the cause of man's mortality, then he does not know the first rudiments of what he is talking about. His treatment of his opponent in the passage I have quoted is either a piece of bullying, or else it reveals an ignorance of theology which forever disentitles him to serious attention.

And yet it is with theology that his most important work assumes to deal. It is true that he does not claim for "Orthodoxy" the rank of an ecclesiastical treatise. He calls it "a sort of slovenly autobiography," and one cannot ascribe the depreciatory adjective to any excess of modesty on his part. His book is by no means an ordered argument. In it, he says, he has attempted "in a vague and personal way, in a set of mental

pictures rather than in a series of deductions," to state the philosophy which has enlisted his allegiance. He deliberately omits the only really vital problem,—that of the seat and nature of the authority upon which the orthodox repose their faith. And he never once grapples seriously with any one of the formidable forces arrayed against orthodoxy. The book is almost as negative in its effect as is Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." By this I mean that one might agree with almost all that Mr. Chesterton says in criticism of present-day philosophy and science, and yet find oneself destitute of the barest rag of a reason for believing in the Apostles' Creed, which he chooses as his standard of orthodoxy.

Such, indeed, is my own position. I find myself in cordial agreement with much of Mr. Chesterton's attack upon certain unwarrantable assumptions and certain more or less obscure tendencies of that crude, materialistic determinism which he is pleased to call modern thought. I had passed similar criticisms many times, long before I read Mr. Chesterton's apologetic. But even in his criticisms, he omits to notice the important fact that they generally apply with far greater force to believers in the faith which he professes than to the modern so-called unbelievers against whom he is crusading.

In his first chapter, entitled "The Maniac," one finds a familiar fact of abnormal psychology wisely and wittily presented. I will not dwell upon the self-contradiction involved in his contending at the outset that one must not believe in oneself, and then, in the second chapter (on page 56), maintaining emphatically that one is bound to believe in oneself. Let us rather attend for a moment to the proposition that "the madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason." The assertion, of

course, is true of some madmen; and Mr. Chesterton's conclusion that the materialist is in danger of becoming mad in this sense is quite undeniable. But to what school of thinkers does his warning apply half so forcibly as to the whole historic succession of the theologians?

Having stated this truth, Mr. Chesterton buttresses it with a misstatement. It is reasoning itself, he tells us,—it is sheer logic,—which sends people mad. Poetry and art, he says, are entirely compatible with sanity; but ratiocination is the road to Hanwell. The truth is that it is no more logic than it is art or poetry which produces insanity. It is some physiological correlative of consciousness; some defect of brain or nerve, due to strain or overwork if not to heredity, and quite as likely to be induced by excessive toil at art or poetry as by over-indulgence in the logical process. And the characteristic of the maniac is not his reasoning, but the fact that he reasons *in vacuo*. He has lost touch with reality. While his logic may be irrefutable, yet it is vitiated through being based upon untested and unverifiable premises. Doubtless there is much akin to madness, as Mr. Chesterton contends, in the baseless and fantastic argumentation of Haeckel and his school. Yet if one wanted to find the crucial and glaring examples of this kind of derangement, one would have to turn to the theologians. From Origen and Tertullian down to Jonathan Edwards—yes, and even John Henry Newman—one could find a depressing multitude of thinkers who, measured by Mr. Chesterton's own standard, show every mark of that alienation from the world of normal experience which is the diagnostic of insanity. The Catholic theologian who asserts that, in the economy of a merciful God, infants less than a span long will be seen crawling on the floor of hell, is the crowning evidence of Mr. Chesterton's contention. He may be an

admirable reasoner; but he starts from a premise which has no relation to reality, which is unverified and unverifiable,—because, luckily, it can never be reduced to terms of experience.

After contending that it is reasoning which sends men mad, Mr. Chesterton maintains that it is mysticism which keeps them sane. "As long as you have mystery," he tells us, "you have health; when you destroy mystery you create morbidity." Most true! But see how here the apologist's two-edged sword has wounded him with its reverse edge. Who but the orthodox theologian has sought to destroy that mystery which is the very life-breath of sanity? The mystic is the man whose sense of peace in life is so real, whose acceptance of the high privilege of being is so glad and so spontaneous, that he willingly embraces it, with all its unresolved discords, all its insoluble riddles. Orthodoxy is the polar antithesis of this sane mysticism. The orthodox theologian is the man who cannot endure, who cannot even face, "the burden of unintelligible things." He dares not think of the world until he has a ready-made answer to all the questions which its mystery evokes in the brooding soul. He cannot be happy without a theory, or what he calls a revelation, to explain to him the origin of things, the final goal of creation, and the destiny of his own petty soul in a life beyond life. Let us, then, agree with Mr. Chesterton that it is mysticism which keeps men sane; but let us point out to him that in advancing this argument he has, at the very outset, clumsily annihilated the foundations of his own superstructure.

His chapter on "The Suicide of Thought" enshrines a truth as evident, and as important, as that which lies at the root of his argument about the maniac. It is perfectly true that the will-worship of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche is anti-rational, and would, if completely acted out, lead to

utter futility and frustration. But here one encounters what is perhaps the most unpardonable trick of Mr. Chesterton's method. He professes to be refuting modern thought. He alludes, it is true, to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, but in a fashion which leaves in one's mind the gravest doubts as to the extent of his first-hand study of them; and the one representative of "modern thought" with whom he seems really familiar (apart from his friend and enemy, Mr. Shaw) is, of all persons, Mr. H. G. Wells! This, I say, is the unpardonable thing,—that Mr. Chesterton should base his indictment of what he calls modern thought on the tenth-rate futilities of a stray tale-teller trespassing in the field of philosophy, and moving about in worlds that he can never realize. Mr. H. G. Wells's book entitled "First and Last Things" is of a nature to make an Englishman blush for the intellectual reputation of his country. It displays an incapacity for philosophical thinking, a blindness to its author's own limitations, a readiness to rush in where angels fear to tread, which can only be described as shameful. The particular imbecility upon which Mr. Chesterton fastens as an evidence of "The Suicide of Thought" is one that reveals, not suicide, but total incapacity for thought; I mean, of course, Mr. Wells' serene denial of the validity of the logical law of identity and difference. If it were not true that A is either B or not-B, then it would be as useless for Mr. Wells to attempt to write a novel as he has shown it to be for him to attempt to write philosophy. But to take this self-confessed vendor at second-hand of the sophisms of a Cambridge girl as a representative of modern thought is grotesquely unfair. It is as unfair as it would be to take any ranting street-corner evangelist as a representative of Christian philosophy and theology, and ignore the master-minds of the Church—the Butlers and Newmans,

the Hookers and Taylors, the Pascals and the Augustines. If Mr. Chesterton had wanted to deal justly and seriously with modern thought he should have joined battle with its real masters, from Arnold and Seeley, let us say, down to Green and Sidgwick, James and Paulsen, Bradley and Bergson. This he has not essayed; and, pending further evidence, we may venture to doubt whether he can do it.

Let us remember, however, that "Orthodoxy" only claims to be a spiritual autobiography. We are dealing with the record of an experience, not of a process of reasoning. Mr. Chesterton learned his philosophy of life from the fairy-tales—not of science, but of the nursery, In these, as he has testified many times, he found an attitude towards life which squared with his own temperament, and justified to him his spontaneous emotional reactions upon the world in which he found himself. From these he learned the mingled goodness and evil of the world, the sane balance of deep discontent and yet deeper content. They taught him to doubt the tacit presuppositions of that shallow materialism which he mistakes for modern thought. They encouraged him to trust his own immediate perception, that the characteristic of the world is not its regularity, its repetition, its classifiability, but its spontaneity, its eternal eruption of individuality, its *penchant* for the unprecedented and the unclassifiable. From them he learned to "expect the unexpected."

In short, Mr. Chesterton claims for himself that he came unconsciously to take the Christian attitude towards life—on the authority of fairy-tales. Before he had thought of Christian theology, he had hammered out for himself a brand-new heresy that was first cousin to it; and his subsequent development has been simply the rediscovery (as he humorously expresses it) of what had been discovered before.

Perhaps the best chapter of his fascinating story is the one entitled "The Flag of the World." It breathes a spirit greatly lacking in our day, and affirms a truth which seems now more than ever to need reaffirming. This is the truth which saves us from the extravagances both of unconditional optimism and of unqualified pessimism. It is the fact, unquestionable as soon as it is clearly perceived, that the loyalty which we owe to life is ultimate and unconditional; it is prior to and independent of any calculation of the quantitative proportions of good and evil in the world. As the patriot does not dream of proportioning his loyalty to the precise amount of worth in his nation; as the child does not mete out his love to his parents by reference to their particular degree of goodness to him,—so the cosmic patriot "accepts the universe," simply because he is in it and of it. For him, as Mr. Chesterton most wisely says, the goodness of the world is a reason for loving it, and its badness a reason for loving it still more.

But how are we to account for this mixture of good and evil in man and nature,—in that universe which we love because we must, because of it we are a part? Mr. Chesterton finds the answer in the Christian doctrines of God, and of original sin.

How these two doctrines hang together,—how the facts of sin in man and of evil in the subhuman world are to be reconciled with God's supposed attributes of omnipotence and of infinite goodness,—Mr. Chesterton does not tell us; and his silence is perhaps prudent, for the two dogmas stand opposed in eternal and irreconcilable contradiction. But of the fact of sin there is assuredly no doubt. And here Mr. Chesterton, with an inconsequence which again illustrates the incurable looseness I have complained of in his thinking, makes an illicit leap. He

confuses the fact of sin with the alleged fact of *original* sin, which is a totally different matter. Original sin, he says, "is the only part of Christian theology which can really be proved." But the fact that we come into the world with impulses towards evil as well as towards good, no more proves that we are descended from an ancestor who originally was devoid of evil impulses than it proves our descent from one who at first had no good impulses at all. Neither is it explained by the naïve hypothesis of an original goodness which became, in despite of omnipotence, inexplicably perverted into an original badness. The facts of life no more prove the Christian doctrine than they prove metempsychosis or karma. Either of these theories will fit and explain the facts rather better than does the orthodox notion of the Fall of Man. How queerly this argument of Mr. Chesterton's illuminates the workings of his mind! The fault it displays is all too common among the professional theologians, but one might have hoped that the adventurous literary amateur would have escaped it;—the fault, I mean, of talking about "proof," when he has not got so much evidence as would induce him in secular life to open a door or risk a penny.

But life, he tells us, is itself contradictory. It is full of paradoxes, and to these paradoxes answer those of the Church. It is unreasonable, therefore, he urges, to complain of riddles in theology when these manifestly correspond to riddles of experience which are equally insoluble. His theology he takes to be "the best root of energy and sound ethics." Life demands of us an eternal revolution, the inspiration for which, he thinks, can come only from our acceptance of a doctrine of original sin which shall warn us that the best human institutions are in constant danger of being wrested into instruments of oppression.

But why do we need, in our warfare against the evil tendencies within us and around us, any other stimulus than the facts themselves of experience? Or, if other stimulus be needed, how can we find it in a doctrine which is itself unverifiable, and itself, when rightly understood, a direct incentive to pessimism as regards the nature of man and his powers for good?

Upon the vague modern doctrines of pantheism and the identity of man as he actually is with God, Mr. Chesterton makes an onslaught which is brilliant and delightful, and, I think, substantially sound. But even here he does not reach bedrock; he cannot distinguish between the empirical self and the Self of selves, the Man in men. And, once again, his criticism recoils with disastrous effect upon that theology which he supposes himself to be defending. For orthodoxy, too, has its doctrine of the identity of men with God. By its sacrament of baptism, it professes to make men "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." It assumes to *regenerate* them. Between the regenerate and the unregenerate the only difference is that the one has received this sacrament, the other not. The difference is totally unrelated to ethics and to character. Have we not here a possible explanation of the spiritual pride and blindness which have characterized the Church in all ages, which underlay the practices of the Inquisitors, and are to-day manifested, for example, in the treatment of the Jews in Holy Russia?

One has constantly to remind oneself, however, that in "Orthodoxy" one is reading autobiography rather than apologetic. The special interest of Mr. Chesterton's case is not logical but psychological. A revolter by temperament, he must needs rebel against the school of thought in which he happened to be reared. Because he was

trained in theological liberalism, he naturally revolted into illiberalism. From agnosticism he has traveled to Catholicism; and no attentive student can doubt that, had he been reared in Catholicism, he would have revolted just as spontaneously into agnosticism;—as (by the grace of God) he may yet live to do: into an agnosticism wiser and humbler than that from which he set out. The best picture he has given us of himself is to be found not in "Orthodoxy," but in his freaky novel called "The Man Who Was Thursday." The hero of that fantasy,—who is, as usual, but a mask for Mr. Chesterton himself,—is described as having "revolted into sanity," because there was nothing else left to revolt into. And how strictly Mr. Chesterton's own development has been an emotional and temperamental one is perhaps shown best of all by the admirable lines in which he dedicates this book to his friend Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley:

A cloud was on the mind of men, and wailing went the weather,
Yea, a sick cloud upon the soul when we were boys together.
Science announced non-entity and art admired decay;
The world was old and ended; but you and I were gay.
Round us in antic order their crippled vices came—
Lust that had lost its laughter, fear that had lost its shame.
Like the white lock of Whistler, that lit our aimless gloom,
Men showed their own white feather as proudly as a plume.
Life was a fly that faded, and death a drone that stung;
The world was very old indeed when you and I were young.
They twisted even decent sin to shapes not to be named:
Men were ashamed of honour; but we were not ashamed.
Weak if we were and foolish, not thus we failed, not thus;
When that black Baal blocked the heavens, he had no hymns from us.
Children we were—our forts of sand were even weak as we;
High as they went we piled them up to break that bitter sea.
Fools as we were in motley, all jangling and absurd,
When all church bells were silent our cap and bells were heard.
. . . . . .
But we were young; we lived to see God break their bitter charms,
God and the good Republic come riding back in arms:
We have seen the City of Mansoul, even as it rocked, relieved—
Blessed are they who did not see, but, being blind, believed.

This is a tale of those old fears, even of those emptied hells,
And none but you shall understand the true thing that it tells—
Of what colossal gods of shame could cow men and yet crash,
Of what huge devils hid the stars, yet fell at a pistol flash.
The doubts that were so plain to chase, so dreadful to withstand—
Oh, who shall understand but you; yea, who shall understand?
The doubts that drove us through the night as we two talked amain,
And day had broken on the streets ere it broke upon the brain.
Between us, by the peace of God, such truth can now be told;
Yea, there is strength in striking root, and good in growing old.
We have found common things at last, and marriage and a creed,
And I may safely write it now, and you may safely read.

Temperament, then, and that fundamental moral sanity in which we have found his most admirable attribute, is the explanation of his change of attitude. And surely he was right to revolt against what he, although mistakenly, imagined to be the inevitable tendencies of modern thought. The doctrine of the world-machine, the doctrine of mechanical determinism, the doctrine of the absolute dependence of mind on body, the new mythology in which the hypostatised abstractions called Heredity and Environment replaced the Adam and Satan of the old mythology,—all these unverified and unverifiable dogmas lay on the mind of men, and formed a sick cloud upon the soul, when he and his friend were boys together. But was it not enough to expel these harpies, without replacing them by a brood of darkness equally phantasmagorical, equally crushing and annihilating in their impact upon the spirit of man? For this is what Mr. Chesterton has done. His orthodoxy is new to him; he finds it "all a wonder and a wild desire." But he will find sooner or later, if he scrutinizes it as ruthlessly as he did the ideas current around him in his boyhood, that he has escaped Charybdis only to be hopelessly shipwrecked upon Scylla.

There is one part of Mr. Chesterton's argument which

shows almost grotesquely how dangerous it is to try to defend orthodoxy when you do not yet quite know what orthodoxy is. The whole gist of his contention is that he invented Christianity for himself; whereafter he discovered with blank amazement that the system which he had painfully hewn out had antedated his own existence by some eighteen hundred years. "I did try," he says, "to found a heresy of my own; and when I had put the last touches to it, I discovered that it was orthodoxy." Behold how ingenuously the inexpert player kicks over his own wicket in his attempt to demolish that of the other side! The whole contention of orthodox theology is that its scheme is so wonderful, so supernatural, that the unaided powers of the natural man could never have shaped it. It was based upon revelation from on high, and was declared to be of such a nature as to carry within itself the evidence of its transmundane origin. That modern science which Mr. Chesterton so ungratefully derides has demonstrated, as against this claim, that the whole orthodox scheme is but one of a series of blundering hypotheses invented to account for the obvious facts of life. Mr. Chesterton's amazement, therefore, at finding that Christian dogma fitted his feelings and answered his questions, was entirely gratuitous. The reason why it does so is simply because other men in other times, of like nature with himself, did exactly what he claims to have done. They too founded a heresy of their own, and when they had put the last touches to it, they made it orthodoxy by calling it so. There is nothing more mysterious in the process than there would be if a coat, made to fit a man of Mr. Chesterton's height and girth (let us say, Velasquez's Cavalier), having accidentally survived the centuries, should now be found to fit Mr. Chesterton. The makers of orthodoxy cut their theology to fit their souls; why

then should it not fit Mr. Chesterton's, if his happens to be of the same size?

His objection to the modern doctrines of materialism, mechanical determinism, and the like, is that they are, or may easily become, the allies of oppression. I fully admit the possibility. But how has Mr. Chesterton succeeded in overlooking the obtrusive fact that his beloved orthodoxy has, throughout history, been fifty times more the ally of oppression than they? Was it materialism that decimated the Jews of Spain and Portugal, and then broke faith with them and expelled them? Was it modern scientific thought that obliterated the native races of Spanish America, and made a moral and a physical desert, in that mad rush for God and gold which was Spanish imperialism? Did mechanical determinism engender the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or revoke the Edict of Nantes? Were the fires of Smithfield, the witch-burnings and heresy-huntings which blacken the history of England and Scotland, produced by the doctrines of Haeckel or the puzzle-headed scepticisms of Mr. H. G. Wells? I will not join in the cheap and easy amusement of flinging mud at a great historic institution like the Catholic Church; but I cannot lightly set aside the temperate and irrefragable indictment which Lecky brings against her, that she has "shed more innocent blood, and caused more unmerited suffering, than any other institution known to history."

Mr. Chesterton has an inborn love of liberty, a hatred of oppression, which entitle him to our profound and grateful respect. No man has battled more bravely than he against the hypocritical tyrannies of our present-day political and economic systems. In any purely moral issue, in any battle for genuine freedom, he is almost certain to be found on the right side. This characteristic in

him entitles us to ask why he has embraced a doctrine which has, throughout the history of fifteen hundred years, been enthroned in power and allied with every kind of oppression; a doctrine whose custodians have slaughtered both souls and bodies in the interests of their spiritual despotism and their Church's temporal power. How is it that he, who tells us so much of Turkish atrocities, never mentions Holy Russia or the Holy Inquisition? How is it that he is so ready to tell us of the witch-burnings practised in Puritan Massachusetts, and so oblivious of the fact that where Puritanism has slain its thousands, Catholicism has burnt and tortured its tens of thousands?

In a recent issue of the *Dublin Review,* Mr. Wilfrid Ward testified to the originality of the apologetic work done by Mr. Chesterton in "Orthodoxy." No one will dispute this claim so far as it relates to the manner of the book; but as regards its matter, it is our duty to remind a busy and forgetful generation that Mr. Chesterton has not the slightest claim to originality. His whole book is nothing but a rehash of two arguments which will be found more ably presented, backed up by far deeper philosophic insight and far greater power of rational thought, in two of the classics of Christian apologetics: the "Analogy" of Bishop Butler and the "Apologia" of Cardinal Newman. Bishop Butler's masterly work is little else than a sustained and powerful insistence that the dogmas of Christianity fit and explain the facts of life far better than did the complacent optimism of the Deists, against whom he contended. And the great Cardinal's memorable book anticipates and presses home, with destructive effect as against Protestantism, the danger of that very suicide of thought which alarms Mr. Chesterton. With incomparable lucidity, he shows that an infallible Bible is useless and dangerous unless backed

up and interpreted by an infallible visible authority. Scripture, he tells us, is impotent to "make a stand against the wild, living intellect of man." The infallibility of the Church was supernaturally designed "to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and *to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses.*" Readers, therefore, who wish to see the argument for Christianity at its best, as it is presented by the great masters of Christian thought, will turn to Newman and Butler, to Pascal, Chillingworth and Hooker. After reading these, they will see in Mr. Chesterton's amateur apologetics nothing but a psychological curiosity, to be read, like his novels, for amusement, in some slight degree perhaps for edification, but not at all for instruction.

For, after all, we are left with the gravest reasons for suspecting not only Mr. Chesterton's argumentative powers, but actually the soundness of his orthodoxy. It is alarming to find that in his opinion Christian theology is "sufficiently summarized in the Apostles' Creed." One's apprehensions are awakened by the assertion that "when the word 'orthodoxy' is used here it means the Apostles' Creed, as understood by *everybody calling himself Christian* until a very short time ago." To what good Catholic can this possibly be satisfactory? If we were addicted to Mr. Chesterton's habit of flippant paradox, we should certainly declare that the Apostles' Creed is not orthodox. That would be quite in his manner. Caring, however, more for truth than for startlingness of statement, let us content ourselves with the moderate and incontrovertible assertion that the Apostles' Creed does not sufficiently summarize Christian theology; and no Catholic theologian who knew his business would admit for a moment that belief in it was sufficient to make a man a

Christian. This creed is, indeed, an entirely unsatisfactory statement of the Church's position; and the Church has tacitly admitted the fact. For if the so-called Apostolic formula expressed Christianity adequately, why did the Church find it necessary in subsequent Councils to proceed to the formulation, first of the Nicene, and afterwards of the Athanasian Creed,—to say nothing of the Tridentine Decrees, and even later definitions of faith? The truth is that the Apostles' Creed omits the very vitals of orthodoxy. It does not even assert that God the Father is a person or that the Holy Ghost is God. It contains no allusion to original sin; it fails to affirm the deity of Jesus; it makes no mention of the Trinity. It has no glimmer of a reference to the sacraments, to the authority of the Church or of Scripture, or to any doctrine distinctive of the Catholic Church. So that even if Mr. Chesterton succeeded in proving (what he has deliberately abstained from trying to prove) that there is valid historic and philosophic ground for believing in the Apostles' Creed, we should still be as devoid as ever of adequate warrant for following him into the Church's fold.

The lamest of Mr. Chesterton's many lame arguments is his maladroit defense of miracle. In this part of his book he substitutes sneering for argument even more liberally than elsewhere; and his case for miracles, if it may be called a case for them at all, works down to the simple-minded contentions, first that miracles happen to-day as much as in the past, and secondly that you must accept unreservedly the assertion of any peasant who informs you that he has seen a ghost. You are to believe not only in his veracity,—which may well be above suspicion,—but also in his competence to interpret his experience! The whole discussion is rendered profitless by the fact that Mr. Chesterton never

condescends to inform us what he means by a miracle. Now the word miracle, as used historically in Christian theology to describe the wonderful deeds of Jesus and his apostles, means a breach of the phenomenal sequences of nature. It is illegitimately used when applied to any event, however rare or even totally unprecedented, which arose naturally from adequate phenomenal antecedents. Anything which would happen again if the circumstances conditioning it could be repeated, is not a miracle; not even though it were a case of resurrection from the dead, or of human generation without the normal process of sexual fecundation. A perfectly trivial circumstance, on the other hand, such as the bending of a blade of grass, or the freezing of a drop of water, would be a miracle if it occurred wholly independent of its accustomed context of physical antecedents and concomitants. Mr. Chesterton is totally mistaken in thinking that those who reject the Christian miracles do so by reason of an *a priori* conviction that miracles either cannot or do not happen. They reject them for lack of evidence, just as they reject any alleged natural event,—such as the discovery of America by ancient Jews, affirmed by Mormonism, or the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus,—for which there is no adequate documentary or historical warrant. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, like his fellow Catholics, does not base his acceptance of the miracles of Galilee and Lourdes upon the amount and kind of evidence which can be adduced in their support. He believes in them in virtue of an *a priori* doctrine. If it were not so,—if it were merely a question of evidence,—he would have to accept a host of alleged pagan miracles which he now rejects, but which in truth are far better attested than most of those which he accepts.

It is, of course, only a vulgar confusion of thought, as

Matthew Arnold long since pointed out, which sees in miracles any evidence to anything beyond themselves. If a man walked upon the sea, that would prove nothing except the fact that he could walk upon the sea: it would add no jot or tittle of weight to any statements he might make about the nature of God or the life of the soul after death. The procedure of those Christians who have accepted the teachings of Jesus Christ because they believed that he had been able to still the winds and transmute water into wine is an instance of inconsequential reasoning due to philosophic illiteracy.

Those who reject the New Testament miracles need not take either the critical attitude of Hume, who held that in any given case it was more probable that the testimony was false or mistaken than that the alleged miracle occurred; or the standpoint of Kant, who maintained that unless an event were strictly articulated in the causal series, it could not enter into human perception. We can dispose of the whole question of the New Testament miracles on the ground of their lack of historic support. It is not too much to say, at this time of day, that a man who professes to believe in them, in the full, literal, unhesitating way in which medieval Christians believed in them, is a man who either cannot or will not penetrate to the bottom of the discussion. Mr. Chesterton is such a man. He has not *"approfondi les choses."* He does instead what he unjustly accuses Matthew Arnold of doing: he "recites his dogma with implicit faith."

To sum up: Our objection to orthodoxy is, first, that it is unverifiable, either by history or by present-day experience; and secondly, that history proves it to have been actually disastrous in its consequences for humanity, in the very way in which Mr. Chesterton thinks modern thought may be disastrous. It is, as we have said, an unsupported guess at an insoluble mystery.

Mr. Chesterton ought to have called his book not "Orthodoxy," but "How I Found God." It is the story of his attainment of peace, of his tardy and hard-won reconciliation with the eternal order of things. Here, on the ground of experience, we can join hands with him; for we, too, in this sense, have found God. And we have found a deeper truth than Mr. Chesterton's;—the truth that for real reconciliation with life no ecclesiastical dogma is necessary, and no answer to the insatiable questionings of man's metaphysical craving. The truly redeemed man is not he who has attained to a theory which solves for him the mysteries of being, but he who has reached the point where he no longer desires a solution of the riddles. In the intimate realities of experience itself,—in the loyalty of comrades, in the love of husband and wife, in the mystery of birth and the joy of parenthood; above all, in the sublimity of the moral law, at once consoling and energizing, we find the divine, we attain both the peace that passes understanding and the inspiration for the unending battle with evil. We rejoice with Mr. Chesterton in the joy that he has found, though we cannot but regret his manifest inability to distinguish between his experience and the muddled and cramping framework of theory into which he has forced it. The God that he has found, the God in whom he truly lives and has his being, is not the God of the Athanasian Creed; it is the much more real and potent factor which inspires the lofty lines of Mr. Zangwill:

> God lives as much as in the days of yore,
> In fires of human love and work and song,
> In wells of human tears that pitying throng,
> In thunder-clouds of human wrath at wrong.
>
> Perchance, O ye that toil on, though forlorn,
> By your souls' travail, your own noble scorn,
> The very God ye crave is being born.

FALSE ETHICS IN SOCIAL REFORM MOVEMENTS

By Felix Adler.

This is an age of paradox. The peace movement is gathering headway, and, at the same time, the burden of armaments is constantly increasing. Civilization has made men more humane, and yet perhaps never have there been such shocking exhibitions of brutality on the part of civilized men as in recent years. I refer to the Putumayo massacre, the extermination of the Yaquis, the fantastic crimes perpetrated upon thousands of natives by white men on the banks of the Congo, and the incredible atrocities which have marked the recent war in the Balkans. These two tendencies run side by side, and sometimes, oddly enough, are combined in the same brain, as when an eminent statesman is both urgent militarist and champion of peace.

The blending of mutually refractory principles of conduct, however, far from being confined to the relations of nation with nation, is equally conspicuous in the social reform movements of the day, and it is to this side of the matter that I propose to devote some attention. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his recent presidential address, asserted that the science of our time is marked by two characteristics—rapid discoveries and fundamental scepticism. The subject with which he deals is outside my competence, but what he says of science is certainly true of morals. We see evidence of moral advance in all sorts of directions coupled with a deep, underlying moral scepticism. And in my view, the scepticism is the cause of the uncer-

tainty of our moral progress, of the flickering of the moral standards, of the contrariety of tendencies, and of the moral deterioration which accompanies more promising movements.

By moral scepticism, I understand, doubt whether there be any such thing as essential rightness in the sense in which truth in a geometric demonstration is true as contrasted with error; doubt whether there be some excellence in moral conduct which makes it worth while for its own sake; or whether it be merely commendable in so far as it subserves some such palpable ends as bodily health, mental invigoration, social security, and the like. I do not intend to pursue the philosophy of this subject further, but shall try to set before you certain illustrations of aberrations of moral judgment apparent among those who either are or believe themselves to be supremely interested in the moral issues of the day. As for the other side, the frankly selfish, the brutal exploiters, the social Pharisees, the so-called "stand-patters," who resist progress and believe in letting well enough alone, because things are well enough with them however ill they may be with others, I am simply not dealing with them now. My sympathies are not on that side, nor is anything I may venture to say in criticism of certain elements that push on the side of social reform intended to cast discredit on the social reform movement as a whole.

May I refer in passing to an incident which just at this moment is conspicuous in the public eye ? The Governor of this state has been deposed from office. He was found guilty not only by his enemies but by judges of the highest court. He is a culprit, but he undoubtedly, also, is a victim. Does the fact that he is a victim justify overlooking the fact that he is a culprit? Does it justify

setting him up as a moral hero, especially by a party that stands for progressive ideas in politics?

But there are other cases in which the judgment of those who work on the side of reform seems to me to go far more strangely astray. I have in mind the excuses one often hears made for the use of violence and law-breaking to bring about the abolition of some notorious evil. The assumption seems to be that if the evil complained of is real and great, as, for instance, the absolutism in Russia which provoked terrorism; or the conditions in France which provoked sabotage; or the oppression of women in England, conceding that every fact is true which is alleged to have provoked militancy; if, I say, the evil be grievous, and if the sincerity of those who resent it be beyond doubt, and especially if they sacrifice for their cause, it is then assumed that the methods used should be, if not condoned, at least judged with great leniency. I have seen the word "justify" used, whether inadvertently or not, in connection with the conditions which led to the actions of the I. W. W. I submit that the word "explain" should be used instead of justify.

The distinction is simply vital. The conditions described are terrible enough—the rise of prices far beyond the advance in wages, their pressure, especially on the lower ranks of labor, the failure of the Trades Unions to organize more than a fraction of the workers, the vast, seething, inarticulate multitude below, subject to the screw of want and groping about wildly for some relief. These things sufficiently account for red Syndicalism abroad and I. W. W. movements in this country. And we may applaud the statement that has been made, that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones; that those

who themselves have used unscrupulous methods in business, who themselves have been law-breakers, though more adroitly, should not pronounce severe moral judgments on the poor misled followers of Haywood and his kind.

In addition, I admit that all of us who have either done nothing or not enough to relieve social distress must bear our share of the blame for anarchism. And yet, when all this is said, it does not in the least alter the necessity of keeping strictly to the difference between justify and explain. We may be judging ourselves in judging others. Very well then, we must bear the shame of doing so, It will be a part of our punishment for social indifference to pronounce a judgment which reacts upon ourselves, but we must, nevertheless, judge. We should distinguish between the person and the act; we may feel the utmost pity for miserable fellow beings whom intolerable hardships have betrayed into losing hold upon primary moral truths. Nevertheless we must judge the acts, we must exalt those truths. Our very pity for the persons requires that we should condemn the act. All this may be agreed to in the abstract, nevertheless I find that there is a tendency among not a few generous-hearted social reformers to lean strongly the other way; not only to explain, but to justify. There is the widest difference between the two.

It is sometimes said that the fault implied in the use of lawless methods is that of taking the end to justify the means. But I think the fault lies elsewhere. It is the end itself, in these cases, that is not right. It seems to me quite unprecise to say that the end does not justify the means. What is an end, but a certain object which can only be attained by adopting the means that conduce

to it? If the object is right, then the means are right. But, you will say, one may take the wrong means to the right end. That is just the proposition which I question. The means are the steps one must take in order to reach an end. If the means are wrong they cannot lead to a right end, but instead to some other end which is not right. Examine the means by which you seek to compass your purposes, therefore, I say, and the kind of means you adopt will decide whether your purpose is right.

This is a point which lies somewhat below the surface discussion that is customary on such subjects, but you will pardon me if I glance at it for a moment longer. Liberty is commonly held to be a sacred thing, a moral good. Liberty is especially dear to the heart of all anarchists, but it is easy to see that liberty may be either a morally good thing or a morally bad thing according as it is used. Even a wild beast pacing up and down its cage desires liberty. Open the door and see how he will use it. Liberty may be used to give reign to the mere unbridled instincts, to gratify the Wanderlust of the tramp, to indulge the desire for sheer idleness and shirking. It is a moral good only when it is used under discipline to promote the mental and moral development of human nature. The mistake of the anarchists is to assume that tight discipline is unnecessary, and that natural liberty will of itself produce the fruits of loving accord and civilization. In a word, the error of which they are guilty is that they have the wrong conception of liberty, that the end they pursue is not the right end; just as the error of the militants is that they have a wrong conception of the vote and the obligations it implies. And it is because the end is wrong that the methods used are wrong in both cases.

My point then is that he who contends against wrong is not, therefore necessarily a champion of the right. Whether he be so or not depends on what he would substitute for that which he proposes to abolish, and on the means of which he avails himself.

I pass on to speak of a second point illustrative of certain false ethical judgments that are to be met with on the side of social reform. I have in mind what is called the doctrine of corrective reactions; the belief, namely, that a tendency of which we do not approve may yet be encouraged as a countercheck to a diametrically opposed tendency from the ill effects of which we suffer. We have gone too far in our reverence for the Constitution. We have indulged in a kind of fetish worship of it, as if that remarkable instrument had been directly revealed from on high. Now let us briskly advance toward the counterpole. Let us live by the wisdom of the hour. Let us make a patchwork of laws without regard to any orderly filiation and evolution. Let us deify mother-wit and scorn experience. We have been overawed by authority with its implications of reverence for something greater than ourselves, now let us try self-assertion and overweaning self-confidence. We have suffered from the excessive domination of religious ideas at the expense of science, now let us have science at the expense of religion.

Is this a correct philosophy of progress? It is true that the span of human consciousness is short, and that men, as a rule, are capable of entertaining only one idea at a time, and that half truths with their glittering high lights enlist sympathy and elicit energy. But is it the part of those who guide public opinion to stimulate still further this unfortunate tendency by falling in with it. Is the course of humanity to be forever like that of a drunkard

staggering too far toward one side of the road and recovering himself only to reel too far toward the other side? And is it not true that the so-called corrective reactions are not really corrective; that we merely *replace one set of evils by another set of evils,* and that the latter are often worse than the former.

Vying as a prominent issue of the day with the abolition of poverty is the problem of the relation of women to men. Indeed at present it assumes an excessive prominence, obsessing the public mind. The doctrine of corrective reactions has been applied to this relation. It has been said that women have been too much repressed in the past, have lived too much for others, for fathers and brothers, for husbands and children, and that they should now be instigated to live their own lives, to make good their claim to independence, to seek mental development, culture, pleasure for their own delight, and that even certain excesses in this direction should not be disallowed since they countervail the opposite tendency. This view of the matter was painfully illustrated in a cartoon published in one of our best weeklies not long ago. In this cartoon was represented a mother with her babe, and alongside was seen a woman in a cabaret sitting opposite to and clinking glasses with a male companion of sinister and repulsive aspect. The text accompanying the cartoon conveyed the idea that though our social preference is, of course, for the mother with her babe, yet the other person, the one who clinks glasses in the cabaret with the brutal companion, does also stand for a tendency toward self-expression which in some form, though it be not in this form, should be encouraged. I hope I am not doing an injustice to the editor's intentions, but I cannot help saying that the juxtaposition of the two types seemed to

my naive moral feeling a kind of horrid profanation, and that the fallacy of the notion of corrective reactions is plainly brought to light in this instance. For what is here called self-expression is not self-expression at all in any true sense. It is the expression of that part of the self which had better be suppressed. And I do not see how the leaning of human nature toward bestiality, from which it has but slowly extricated itself, is to be a counterpoise to the defects of ignorant mother love. Women should indeed insist on gaining mental development, culture, and everything that can make their personality mean more, but surely they express their self best when expressing their unselfish self, they live their own life most truly, when they use all the gifts that education can procure for them in order to heighten the life of others, in order to be in the future as in the past, the mother, not only of children, but in a very real sense of us men also.

The whole doctrine of corrective reactions involves a deep-seated fallacy. The ethical life is not a mere balance between opposite extremes. The doctrine of the mean which is derived from Aristotle was never intended, I am sure, by him in any such sense. The spiritual life is no more a mean between opposite extremes than the spirit of Jesus was a mean between that of the two robbers who hung at his side. The spiritual life may avail itself of elements extracted from opposing tendencies, but combines them in a fresh and altogether original synthesis.

I pass on to speak of another example of mistaken judgment and moral confusion. Some time ago a statement was reported, and to my knowledge never contradicted, as coming from an excellent person, to the effect that it is an open question whether it be a greater wrong

for a girl to sell herself into wage slavery, or to sell herself on the street. I am aware that the intention was not to minimize the one evil, but rather to call attention to the greatness of the other; and I can understand how one might be led to such an outcry who realizes very keenly the condition of the girl trying to live on starvation wages. But, nevertheless, the distinction between the two cases compared is clear, and it is perilous in the extreme to blur it. The girl in the one case suffers wrong; in the other case she perpetrates wrong. In one case she endures a condition which it is not in her power to escape from. In the other case she, of her own free will, sinks into a condition which it were better that she should die than descend to. In one case her moral nature remains intact. In the other case it is disintegrated at the core.

To be treated not like a human being, with human needs and human rights, but like a mere instrument of profits, is indeed to suffer an inexcusable indignity. It is tantamount to being treated like a slave or a thing. But the wrong in that event is on the side of the employer. It cannot affect the character of the girl. It is the employer who is degraded, and he should be made to feel his degradation. He should not be allowed to plead ignorance. It is the first obligation of any right-minded employer to inform himself as to the conditions in which the people live whom he employs. In the other case, it is the woman herself who treads her precious jewel into the dust. And once more we need not harshly judge the person, but are not relieved from strictly judging the act. The question raised is not an open question at all, it is a closed question; to put it as if it were open is to put a stone of stumbling in the way of the weak.

A last illustration of mistaken moral direction is to be found in the kind of altruism that extinguishes selfhood. We have had plenty of examples of the other kind, of the unscrupulous egotism which seeks to aggrandize self at the expense of others. But the opposite endeavor to construct a moral scheme on the principle of wholly obliterating self for the sake of some ulterior good to others is no less unsound. Of this perhaps the brilliant Mr. Bernard Shaw is the most striking illustration. And there are especially two particulars in which the mischievous consequences of his point of view appear. One is his so-called shock tactics—the prophet appearing in Harlequin dress, self-contempt implying the sacrifice of personal dignity for the sake of the cause. (Kant says wisely that no one should be regarded by others or regard himself as mere means to an end, no matter how desirable the end may seem to be. The end is not desirable if it debases the agent.) And the second is the futile expedient of artificial selection, which he proposes, as a step toward the producing of a society of supermen. Apart from other rather patent difficulties, the methods of the stock farm could not be applied to the human family without outraging the sense of personal worth, and those idiosyncrasies of predilection upon which the value and charm of the sex relation depends!

Enough of these examples and illustrations. We are living in a time of moral chaos. The moral standards are wavering. Those who seek, and we admit earnestly and sincerely seek, to promote the moral improvement of mankind are often themselves unwittingly sowing the seeds of moral evil. What we supremely need is to direct attention to the necessity of a better knowledge of what is right, to the necessity of not merely applying the moral

ideas that happen to be in vogue, as of the "square deal," or the "greatest happiness to the greatest number," or the "golden rule," or of other such insufficient formulas, but of criticizing the moral standards themselves and ascertaining what actually is right and wrong. "Without the way there is no going; without the truth there is no knowing," said Thomas á Kempis; but how shall we ascertain this truth amid this clash of rival opinions?

The Ethical Society is an endeavor to meet this problem, and the method proposed is that of joint action by the laymen and the experts. The Ethical Society, as we conceive it, is a society of men and women who profoundly desire to know what are the right relations to fellow men; who believe that the greatest thing in life is to come into such relations. They are men and women who struggle on the dusty road of life; who have to meet the moral problems in business, in the education of their children, in the often tangled relations between husband and wife or near kinsmen, etc. They have these appalling problems to meet and they want help. They call upon the thinkers to give them help, to give them the bread of life. The constraint they put upon ethical teachers is of a new kind. The theologian has his system ready made. He knows what is right because it has been revealed; whether it really fits the needs of life or not he does not ask, he preaches his doctrine and seeks to fit it on to the necessities of the world as best he may. It is not for him that the actual problems come first, but the doctrine is first. Again the philosopher in his closet constructs symmetrical systems or theories that satisfy him, and he too is far removed from the cry and the need. To bring together the two, the need and the thinking, is the purpose of these Societies of ours. And there is to be no dogmatism. Nothing is to be imposed.

There are certain ethical pronouncements, such as the permanence of marriage, which the experience of the race has confirmed a thousand times over. In regard to these there is no uncertainty. Yet even these are not merely imposed. The reasons are given though the reasons are so simple that he who runs may read. But there are many other ethical ideas which in a time of the expansion of conscience, of transition to a higher form of morality, are by no means so certain. These are presented for what they are worth. The layman who has no time to spend in deep reflection on ethical problems will accept or reject what is offered him according as it meets his need. Thus progress and moral safety are united, intellectual liberty is brought into accord with discipline.

This being understood, I may perhaps conclude my remarks by offering three propositions which seem to me to serve as tests of what is ethically right: the one is, that the ethical end must be ethically interpreted, it must not be merely auxiliary or subordinate to some lesser end, such as health or mental develpoment, or social security. The ethical end is the sovereign end of life comprising within itself the intellectual, the aesthetic, and all other worthwhile ends. Secondly, the ethical end must include personal as well as social morality. It will not be possible hereafter to say of a man that he is a good man in his personal life, a good father, a good husband, but a bad citizen and a wicked employer. He cannot be wholly good in the one set of relations and evil in the other. Personal and social morality must grow out of a single root. Thirdly, the ethical end must be so great that the mere pursuit of it, even though it be unattained, will give a measure of peace and satisfaction. It must be so sublime as to exalt the humblest, and humble the greatest.

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN AMERICA*

By Florence Kiper.

A short time ago one of our Jewish politicians, in an address before a society of negroes, spoke feelingly of his sympathy as a member of an oppressed race for another race similarly oppressed. In so speaking of the Jews as a race the gentleman was voicing a popular fallacy that will die hard, both because Anti-Semitism has justified itself by the theory of the instinctive dislike of Aryan for Semite and because the Jew has so long gloried in the purity and antiquity of his lineage. Of course even superficial readers of ethnology know that the Semitic is a subdivision of the Caucasian or white group, one of the loose though convenient groupings of humankind according to the color of the skin. But what has not entered the popular consciousness is the ethnological fact that the Jew of to-day, the Jew of Europe and of America, is not a Semite or an Oriental, but has, through a long lapse of time, become so interpenetrated with Aryan blood that he is as pure or as impure racially as any of the European peoples among whom he sojourns. In fact, the Jewish race is not a race at all, but a social group—or groups, that have been played upon in whatever country they have dwelt by similar social forces and traditions. The Jewish "race" presents no homogeneity in those tests that constitute for ethnologists the marks of race division—head measurement, color of hair, stature and so forth. A care-

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ful reading of their history would convince one *a priori* that such homogeneity would not be found among this people, the adjurations of whose priesthood against mixed marriages were from the earliest Biblical times made necessary by their delinquencies and whose women have not infrequently been violated by conquering nations. As the modern Englishman or the modern Frenchman is a resultant of those successive tides of immigration that have swept over the lands where he now dwells, so the modern Jew bears in his blood the blood of many Gentile or alien nations.*

The status of the American Jew is neither historically nor ethnologically comparable with the status of the American negro. I have found it to present many interesting analogies, however, to the condition of the American woman. It is in America that the Jewish problem presents its most interesting phenomena. In America is granted a nominal equality of Jew with Gentile, nor do there exist here those dark horrors of persecution which grind down to one level of economic and social misery a whole people. In this country the Jew may be studied in all varieties of emergence from his old-time status of debasement. The American woman, too, is varied and complex and yields all gradations of social types. Both Jew and woman are in America conscious of the loosening of the bonds that for so long have repressed the development of the individual in a blind effort to compel him to conform to his group.

The history of civilized woman reveals her as held to a

*I have not here space to develop the subject of Jewish ethnology. The most recent book on the subject is "The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment," by Maurice Fishberg, in the Contemporary Science Series.

very limited round of occupational activity. Her attention has been concentrated on the physical needs of her household—the domestic tasks—spinning, weaving, the preparation of the foodstuffs. During the time that the man fought and travelled, engaged in commerce, became in our modern age the capitalist, the inventor, the artist, woman remained the domestic slave or the "lady." Even her children meant little intellectual development to her, since she was not destined to be the mother of her sons' minds, but of their bodies only. Education was for men and through men. Women were born to live an indirect or subsidiary existence, servants of men's higher or lower natures, as the demand required.

What wonder that women have developed a moral code separate from that of their masters! There must needs be evolved by the inferior a method of subterfuge and indirection that does not obtain among equals. What wonder that woman has not yet found herself in the highest reaches of intellectual effort, dizzy as she still is from the sudden light of opportunity that has burst upon her!

The Jew has been similarly bound by an artificial code of living imposed for the most part from without. Take any group of human beings, varied though they be in capacity, confine them to one pent-up quarter of the city, allow them the choice of only three or four occupations by which they may eke out a meagre existence, will not inevitably the result be perversions of mind and of body! The Jewish physiognomy, long held as an infallible race distinction, is shown by Fishberg to be for the most part psychic, a peculiarity of expression. But even such physical stigma as marks the Jew wherever found, is stigma of the Ghetto existence. The cunning of the Jew, his servility, are the means of life by which a proud people

has maintained itself under a system of oppression whose persistence is unique in history.

Nature, evidently unconscious of our moral law of compensation, has exacted her stern penalty of suffering not from the oppressor, but from his victims. It is but to be expected that a people existing in almost constant terror of sudden death or torture, or of the confiscation of its means of livelihood, should be peculiarly liable to nervous disorders, and medical statistics of Jewish patients reveal a significant proportion as victims of the neuroses, especially neurasthenia and hysteria. But even in the countries where massacre has not for some generations been used as a means of persuasion, the pursuit of sedentary occupations, often unhygienic surroundings, is doubtless responsible for the muscular weakness of the Jew and his poor physique. The hysteria and the "nerves" of woman, her physical inadequacy, also find a simple enough explanation in the manner of her living. Where she has not been taxed beyond her strength by child-bearing and monotonous toil in her function of worker, she has been made into the be-corseted, idle lady or the prostitute, both trading upon sex as a means of existence.

That her weakness is not natural, not biologcally natural, but acquired, is shown by the increasing number of young women of America who are developing sound nerves and strong bodies in a healthful environment. The superstition of women's physical weakness is dying out in the same fashion as the myth of her intellectual feebleness—by proof to the contrary. The newest generation of Jews, of that class able to give its children the advantages of leisure, is fast losing its physical disabilities and presents a surprising number of young people alert, supple and good-looking. Golf, tennis, horseback-riding, are

modifying a type supposed to be fixed and stable. The anti-Semite or the anti-feminist who clings to the belief that the present limitations of Jew or of woman are congenital and inevitable will do well to study the changes at work in the laboratory of social forces that is America.

We are taking woman more and more on her own merits and demerits as a human being. She is ceasing to be the goddess and the meek angel. The militant suffragette may have rudely rubbed the bloom from the illusion of a gentlewomanhood, but at least she has proved that women are no more irrational—or rational—than men under the dominance of the mob spirit. The boasted chivalry of men to women has been stripped clean of its romantic veils and has been found to present rather a ghastly face. The pedestal reared for the few chosen ones of the sex is seen to be resting on the crushed and broken bodies of the many. Women are beginning to realize this and are asking for a minimum wage law rather than another Paradiso. Away with high-sounding phrases and sentimentality! Justice now is the cry, not worship.

When the Jew has not suffered from contumely, he has been accorded a flattery that he himself was only too willing to hear. Those writers and speakers who love to roll out sounding sentences on the sublimities of history have found in the Jew a figure sufficiently romantic. His persecutions, his unique survival, his glorious ethical mission—what material for oratory! Mr. Augustus Thomas, in a well-intentioned presentment of the Jewish question in his play "As a Man Thinks," has his Dr. Seelig speak these words on intermarriage: "Let me call your recollection to the nobility of this trust which a Jewish girl abandons if she marries elsewhere. When Egypt worshipped Isis and Osiris and Thoth, Israel proclaimed the

one God. When India knelt to Vishnu and Siva and Kali, Israel prayed only to Jehovah and down past Greece and Rome, with their numerous divinities from Jove to Saturn, Judah looked up to one God. What a legacy—what a birthright!" Besides being historically incorrect, not only in its interpretation of Israel's early tribal-god religion, but of the later monotheistic conception of other peoples—what a misreading of the great period of Greek philosophy, for instance—the plea to a modern, unorthodox Jew is strained and sentimental. It is true enough that the average Jew would not so consider it. He still likes to deceive himself with the belief of his religious convictions, as the average Christian likes to think that he is following the gospel of Christ in the life of modern civilization. "The grotesquerie of history!" cries Zangwill, "Moses, Sinai, Palestine, Isaiah, Ezra, the Temple, Christ, the Exile, the Ghettos, Martyrdoms—all this to give the Austrian comic papers jokes about stockbrokers with noses big enough to support unheld opera-glasses." Truly the grotesquerie of it—Moses, Sinai, Palestine, the theatrical syndicate and the wholesale clothing business! Yet as truly the grotesquerie of the Sermon on the Mount and the Spanish-American War!

The fact of the matter is that both the modern Jew and the modern Christian are living by an ethical code that is not the ethical code of Judaism or of its daughter, Christianity. Neither the Christian gospel, nor the Jewish from which it came, is the gospel of twentieth-century America, and many deeply religious spirits of to-day are deprecating the waste of moral energy in the attempt to make it so. Our problems are not the problems of ancient Judæa and we were indeed barren of faith did we not know that the newest age makes and can always make

newest Bibles for its needs. The same ardor for social righteousness that burned in the prophets, the same exquisite sympathies that flowered in Jesus, the demands of a new time must recreate in new forms and new rituals.

The Jews have survived as a unique religious group for two reasons—the pressure of persecution from the outside and the cohesive force of religious ritual and emotion within. The fact of the persecution of the Jews—a persecution not more intense but lasting over a longer period of time than other persecutions of history—finds its explanation in those obscure blood-lusts and dark hatreds that man has but imperfectly rid himself of in his long spiritual struggle with his own nature that is the process of civilization. The Jew has indeed been the scapegoat of history "that shall take upon himself the sins of the people." In so far as his elaborate ritual has differentiated him from other people, he has been the easier butt for contempt and cruelty. Men have always hated that which is different and have attempted to nag or torture it into conformity. The concept of tolerance is but slowly emerging from that welter of emotions and prejudices that we have misnamed reason. The stronger the pressure from without, the more intense has become the religious emotion within the Ghetto, and the very force that has attempted to destroy it has perpetuated a group that sympathy might have assimilated.

What will eventually happen to the Jews of America under the disintegrating influences of heterodoxy within and tolerance without, is indeed a question. The young Jew becomes overnight Americanized and a freethinker, and between the conventions of one generation and the next often stretches a distance of centuries. The Ameri-

can-born Jew generally is a Jew not because of religious conviction but of social tradition He is not vitally conscious of his destiny as one of a handful of people chosen by God to feed the flame of moral passion. Indeed, in the democratization of our thinking, such an assumption savors just a bit of exclusiveness. The twentieth-century American God is very much of a democrat, little of a monarch. He will undoubtedly make use of the ancient moral fervor of the Jews, but He will not overestimate it, neither will He consider it their unique possession.

Being a God of humor, He will perhaps smile a little also at the alleged moral superiority of women. Compelled to chastity at the pain of death or ostracism if found wanting, the "good" woman has built for herself a place of serene and protected virtue. Without knowledge of temptation, she pronounces unerring judgment on the tempted. Man she finds harsh, coarse, immoral; the other kind of woman a creature too vile to be mentioned. She herself, man has told her, if she has not immediate power, has the subtle and surer power of a spiritual influence. Destiny has chosen her as the moral mediator to keep alive the flame of idealism.

Throughout the civilized world there has been felt a stirring, an unrest in the minds of women. They are becoming conscious of themselves, are asking questions. They are recognizing their needs not alone as individuals but as social beings. The next few years will see a growing solidarity of women, a solidarity that will at times and places take on the aspect of a clearly defined sex war. But that there will be a permanent cleavage between the sexes is a false fear and foolish. The temporary struggle is precursor of a future sympathetic understanding such as is possible only between equals, never

between superior and inferior. And it concerns such women as have little to gain in the struggle to be most ardent champions of those who might win much, but who are deterred economically and otherwise from making a fair fight. The fortunate woman of to-day dare not complacently isolate herself from her unfortunate sisters if she would save her soul alive.

Solidarity is needful until such time as the political and social demands of women are given their just recognition —but only until then. It is as social entities, divided on grounds of temperament and reason, that women must make their future affiliations. Society till now has known too much, rather than too little freemasonry of sex.

The Jews have long been conscious of solidarity. So long have they been conscious that the tradition projects itself into an age where it is an anachronism. The exclusiveness of the Jews no more belongs to the twentieth century than does Anti-Semitism, which serves to perpetuate such exclusiveness. But so long as there attaches ignominy to the "race," it must be a matter of honor to those emancipated intellectually and economically, not to abjure the name of Jew for an easy advantage. A graver necessity confronts such a one, however. The financially fortunate Jew of America has upon him the responsibility for the immigrant class, who are seeking this country as a release from inhuman and outrageous tyranny. America, contrary to their dreams, does not hold her arms open in welcome. She does not want them, is already regretting that she has made it possible for them to come. The immigrant Jew must look to his fellow-Jew for succor—fellow-Jew only in name, since it is literally true that between the newly arrived Russian immigrant, for instance, and the Americanized German there

is practically no bond of language, of custom, of religious observance. But the tradition of Jewish solidarity pulls at the heart and the purse-strings of the financially fortunate, and the poverty-stricken immigrant knows help and sympathy.

The educated Jew of America must possess both pride and humor in his dealings with the subtle and sometimes intangible problems that confront him. He were ungrateful to Providence—or Progress—did he cavil unduly at his disbarment from a fashionable summer hotel with the memory still alive of Kief and of Kishineff. Yet, while retaining his sense of proportion, he must see to it that he be judged eventually on his merits as an individual, and that not for another generation shall there be enacted in our colleges and universities, which purport to be the schools of a nobler life, the travesty of the Greek letter fraternities that under no consideration admit an avowed Jew, but are glad to welcome an apostate.

Pride, self-respect, humor—the American woman needs them also in the country where perhaps of all countries in the world she has the most advantages, yet where she is still shamelessly exploited or petted like a pretty child and given sweetmeats. A fine amount of pride she must have and independence, but let her not lose her sanity and balance. She is not better than men, only—through education and training—different. Her vote and her influence will not immediately, or at any time, transform society. Nevertheless she must have the vote, as she must have those other representations—in the professions, on school boards, on marriage and divorce commissions—from which antiquated prejudices are attempting to disbar her. Not for her sake alone must she have them, but for the sake of men, of children, of our common humanity.

HAVE WE RELIGIOUS DUTIES?*

By David Saville Muzzey.

We profess the religion of duty. Is any part of that duty religious? Are there obligations binding on us as men and women desirous of knowing and following the highest demands of our highest nature, that may be called distinctly religious as contrasted with ethical?

If we consult the oracles in which the aspirations of great leaders of the spiritual life of the past have been recorded, the answer would seem to be unequivocally, Yes. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," says the Shema of the Hebrew law in the book of Deuteronomy. The first clause in Jesus' model prayer is, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name"—a religious ejaculation. And he further said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The first question and answer of the famous Westminster Catechism of the Presbyterian Church reads, "Q. What is the chief end of man, A. To glorify God and enjoy him for ever."

The religious duties of man are constantly expressed in religious literature in the form of a covenant with a higher power: "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." There is a solidarity, a brotherhood established as an ideal, that is far different from anything we know on earth; not merely the sum of human minds and human wills, but something transcendent, into which men are in-

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troduced through some sort of contact with the divine. A covenant is an agreement between two parties, and man's part in the agreement is faith.

The way in which humanity is introduced into the fellowship of divinity is through sacrifice, prayer, penance, creeds, the recognition of one or more supernatural powers, according to the religion in question.

The unanimous testimony through the ages, from the earliest picture record in rude stones from the Orient, down to the most recent speculation of the spiritual-dynamic philosophy of an Eucken or a Bergson, is that the human race persistently and courageously aspires. I say *courageously,* because the goal seems to recede as man approaches it; because the pitiable inadequacy of the response of spiritual satisfaction to spiritual strivings grows tantalizingly clearer as the generations, each adding its own increment of science and philosophy to the inheritance of the past, grow more keenly aware of the inability of even the most highly trained minds to solve the universal riddle with which the poorest and the simplest grapple.

Compared with the exact and detailed knowledge which highly perfected instruments of measurement and the patient elaboration of ingenious hypotheses have furnished us in the various fields of scientific investigation, the crude theories of the ancient Greeks and the fantastic supernaturalism of the Middle Ages that went under the name of science seem to us not so much untrue as ridiculous, so remote are they in aim, method, and results from what we call science to-day. We find it incomprehensible in our age to think of a man of science toiling his life long to prove that the elements of nature, including human life, may all be reduced to vapor, or air, or fire, or water; or devising such a theory of materialism as Democritus'

slanting rain of atoms, with little hooks on the end to keep them from sliding off each other eternally. We find it impossible to think of a sober, earnest man to-day, living the life of a Faustus in his laboratory, experimenting to find some elixir that will infuse into a decrepit mind and body the vigor of eternal youth, or a philosopher's stone that can transmute the baser element of lead into the nobler element of gold.

But for all our advance in science, for all our clarification of mental processes, for all our new approach to the unsolved riddles of the world, we can say that therewith has gone *pari passu* a greater spiritual satisfaction to man; that man's moral needs, his ethical aspirations, his desire for justice and truth and self-completion have been answered in the ratio of his advance in pure and applied science? The philosophers of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth century cherished the enthusiastic expectation that as scientific and philosophical clarity increased, and the mind was divested of ancient and medieval delusions in the interpretation of the universe, there would result a corresponding nobleness of character; that cosmic knowledge would bring with it a deeper religious life, and that scientific truth would be the road on which mankind would inevitably march toward the realization of a finer character. According to Herbert Spencer's theory man is, as it were, "doomed to perfection" through evolution.

Is there any warrant for such faith? Nay, does it not seem rather that the opposite is true, namely, that in the days when science was full of what we call superstition, it offered a better medium for spiritual life than it does to-day? The astronomy, for example, which had room for angels carrying the celestial bodies through their orbits in an eternal errand of harmony; the nature-world in which

the air was filled with spirits, and the very elements of rain, thunder, fire, and wind were spirits themselves, with power to bless men with their divine potencies, or to curse him with pestilence and witchcraft; an historical dispensation in which the Lord rose in the morning for Cromwell, and scattered the mists that hung over the field of Dunbar, or blew with his own breath and sent a favoring wind to drive the Protestant ships across the Baltic for Gustavus Adolphus—did not these circumstances all furnish a much more favorable atmosphere for religious faith than the scientific research of to-day? This cosy medieval air, so throbbing and populous with spirits, formed a medium between man and heaven. But the modern science that has purged the spirits out and substituted in their place the tenuous ether, has swept cobwebs from the sky, but left man lonesome and awe-stricken before the immensities of stellar space.

But not only has descriptive science thus purged the air of the supernatural agencies which seemed to our forefathers a medium of transition from mundane to celestial life, but there has gone on at the same time a subtler and even more significant change in our attitude toward mental and emotional exaltation. The merciless scalpel of the physiological psychologist has located as a diseased spot in the brain what used to be called "a beatific vision." The medical men are giving very uncomplimentary names to some of the psychological states that were accounted as a great virtue and a very crown of glory to men a few generations ago. Think of the immense part that ineffable enthusiasms have played in the religious history of the world: the rapt abstractions of the Buddha, visions of St. Paul, the mystic ecstacies of Plotinus, the divine follies of St. Francis and Parsifal. Our medical experts to-day, pathologists, and neurologists, smile knowingly and an-

swer, "Disease, hysteria, monomania, paranoia!" They treat hundreds of Buddhas and St. Francises in their offices every year; they handle scores of ecstatic brains in their laboratories. Religion! nay, call it rather mental derailment.

We are very much under the influence of this scientific spirit to-day, except such few as find escape from it in mystic and ascetic sects. Enthusiasms are out of fashion now, and emotions are suppressed. Our great-grandfathers used to weep copious tears on each other's snuff-stained bosoms. To us such behavior seems ridiculous. There is nothing we are more careful about than to repress our enthusiasms. It is considered extremely bad form to parade one's feelings. But in our grandfather's day men spoke out what they thought, and all these states that neurologists and pathologists are so interested in investigating now as mental aberrations were likely to fix themselves in some external form, some extravagance of creed or worship.

We should be amazed to-day to see a Whitefield preaching to ten thousand miners in the open field, while the tears made furrows down their grimy cheeks. If a Phinney or a Jonathan Edwards could again stand in his pulpit to-day, he would have a hard time painting the tortures of the damned so vividly that people would shriek and fall fainting in the pews as they used to do. Hell was very close to our forefathers, and very dear to many of them too. It was the last thing they wanted to give up.

Yet for all this immense change wrought by science in the interpretation and the expression of our emotion, I find it impossible to believe that the real nature of man has changed much from generation to generation. A sympathetic study of the past reveals to us with startling emphasis the essential like-mindedness of the ancient

Babylonians and Egyptians, the contemporaries of Pericles and Machiavelli, with the men and women of to-day. The ancients were extremely like us. Their love-letters and real estate contracts and manufacturers' agreements are being turned up constantly by spade and pick in the ancient river valleys. We find feminism, the agitation for the protection of women's rights, for equal justice before the law, for recognition and participation in the transfer of property, live questions in the Babylon of over three thousand years ago. The great fundamental experiences of life are not new in this generation. Ambition, friendship, anger, pity, pain, jealousy, joy, and love are not creations of to-day. Each age sees itself magnified many diameters in its own esteem, but reflection on history tends to correct this complacent distortion. We go back two thousand years and more to the Antigone of Sophocles' play, and hear her passionate vindication of the eternal laws of justice which are not of yesterday or of to-day, but exist for ever and ever. Five thousand years ago and more the Egyptian sage Ptah Hotep enjoined humility and humanity on his fellows, urging masters to treat their servants well, telling the man who got rich quickly not to be puffed up, for he is "only the steward of the riches of God." And we know perfectly well that since the first human heart beat in a human bosom the baptism of love has transformed the impassive face of nature into a garden of the gods, and "coined the very air into song." Who shall dare to tell me that in yielding to the charm of music I am less truly fulfilling my nature than in dissecting a dead rabbit in a laboratory? Who shall say that I am developing less worthily in aspiring to generous ambitions than in surrendering to the cogency of a geometrical demonstration?

Unless we bear in mind the distinction between the

abiding reality and complex urge of our emotional nature on the one hand, and the historic forms of value in which that emotion has expressed itself on the other hand, we shall miss the crucial point in our discussion of the question: Have we religious duties? Undoubtedly the form and the language have reacted considerably to modify the inward urge, and at times have degraded it into base superstition and cruel bigotry; but nevertheless, I believe that the theory of Illuminism which many philosophers urged in the eighteenth century, namely, that religious emotion was merely the product of the clever manipulation of cunning priests, is as false as the bare statement of some modern neurologist that it is simply a mental derailment. I do not believe that it is either of these things.

Let us analyze briefly the conception of religious duty. A duty is something due, or owed (*debitum*): it is an obligation involving two parties. Even when we speak of self-imposed duties, and say, with Milton, that the soul "the humblest duties on itself doth lay," there is latent in the thought the other party or person than ourselves. A religious duty, as I understand the word religious, means something due to a supernatural power, or something due to humanity at the behest of, or for the sake of, a supernatural power. Such duties would be acts of worship, prayer, praise, sacrifice, penance, confessions of faith, conversions of others to the faith. Have we such duties? Are such things binding on man? And to come to the heart of the question, let us consider whether we have a duty of worship?

Now worship in all its varied forms, from the sacrifice of bulls and goats to the chanting of hosannas, from the communion with a heavenly Father to the shuddering fear before some heavenly monster, all springs from one source, namely, the realization of the distance between

man and God. Even those forms of worship which seem to emphasize just the opposite idea, namely, the very close communion between man and God (like the mystic's ecstatic absorption in God), are in the last analysis a testimony to this same sense of distance; for they are only the congratulation that the great distance between God and man has been bridged. If it were not for the realization of the distance there would be no mystic exaltation in the union.

In its cruder forms this sense of distance between men and God, this poor projection of the puny strength of ephemeral man on the majestic endurance of the skies, takes the form of fear; hence sacrifices, penance, implorings, self-abasements, and all the priestly paraphernalia designed to win for man the favor of the great power that can bless or blast his life. But the more healthy and courageous soul, repudiating such performances as fit only for the timorous and superstitious, still feels the disturbing wonder of uncompassed space and unfulfilled ideals. Not fear but a great awe fills him, as, with Immanuel Kant, he contemplates the majesty of the starry heavens above him and the moral law in his breast. If he turns baffled from one mystery, lo! he meets the other. He is compassed about with incomprehensibilities; he is hemmed in by eternity; his soul cannot get free. His condition is that of the old Hebrew prophet who sought to escape from God: "As if a man fled from a bear and met a lion in his path." So he flees from the infinite outside of him only to meet the infinite within, and he pauses and bows in awe—nobly disturbed.

This feeling is a reality. It is an experience which, for my own part, I cannot conceive as lacking any thoughtful person. But—and here is the crux of the whole question—does this feeling demand a religious act of worship?

Does it imply the recognition of some incorporeal or vaguely outlined Being or Power, who by virtue of his magnificence or our insignificance demands the tribute of worship. Is there not rather some inconsistency in performing any act of worship, when we analyze this idea a bit more closely? Suppose there is the sense of the infinite: is there any connection between infinity and homage? Is there any moral quality in infinity? The scientist, in every field of activity, soon reaches the confines of the known, no matter in what direction he goes. It is as though he were in a little city. First he threads the familiar streets, then he gets into some of the more unfamiliar outlying quarters, and sooner or later he comes to the great empty fields and woodlands that stretch undefined and unlimited. There is no mystery in this. Goethe phrases it in his couplet—

> "Willst Du ins Unendliche schreiten,
> Geh nur ins Endliche nach allen Seiten.

If you want to reach the infinite, all you have to do is to follow the finite in any direction. Herbert Spencer's Unknowable, even if you write it with a capital "U," in itself calls for no tribute of prayer or praise. If we are going to worship the infinite simply as the unattainable limit of the human mind in the comprehension of the mysteries with which we are surrounded, we might just as well make a beginning by setting up on an altar that pretzel-shaped symbol which mathematicians use to express infinity, and bowing down before it.

Ah, but that is not what I mean by the worship of God, says the disciple. God is not only the infinite. He is the majestic power that has created and sustains the world. He is perfect wisdom, eternal, omnipresent, omnipotent. Leaving on one side for the moment any criticism of the

validity of these assertions, and assuming them to be true in the Kantian sense, as necessary postulates of thought, is there still any call for acts of worship? What is the phraseology of the litany? What is the reason given for paying worship to this power eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent? "To magnify his great and holy name." But to *magnify* means to make greater. We magnify things that are too small. To speak of magnifying what is perfect is to talk nonsense. It is to "gild refined gold."

But the worshipper will object that the real reason for worship has not yet been touched on. True worship is neither the attempt to placate the great mysterious power by sacrifice and prayer, nor the ascription of honor and glory to the great king, but the recognition of worth. My God, he says, is a heavenly Father; he is perfect justice; he is sympathy; he is love. Ah, now we have reached something worth while. But how have we reached it? Whence these ideals of justice, sympathy and love? Did anyone ever deduce them from a supernatural God? They come from contact with our fellowmen. This complex and troubled life of ours contains the slag and the ore of character all mixed together, the evil and the good, the ideal and the basely real, the divine and the devilish. We separate out from our composite lives those ideal features to which we pay homage, and decorating Herbert Spencer's Unknowable therewith, we say: "Behold God!" Loving this "God" means loving the ideal of justice; magnifying this "God" means increasing the sum of human sympathies. Here is a reality that can be truly loved and magnified. Here is real worship which is literally "worthship." And so we get the only God worthy of worship *after* the worship, or the judgment of worth, has already been performed. The worship is just the process that

has *made* the God. It is a variation on Pascal's famous prayer: "I would not have sought Thee, O God, had I not already found Thee."

Shall we now say prayers or sing hymns to this ideal of ours? The answer to that must be left to each man's sense of the way in which he best grasps and approaches his ideal. If justice, sympathy, and love can seem real to a man only when he is on his knees, he certainly should remain long in that posture. If the moral ideal, which alone can help this dark world forward to the light, appears to a man only through the misty clouds of incense, let him linger in the cathedral; but let him not erect a duty of worship on the plea that it averts punishment, or pleases God, or even reveals righteousness. To those who say that humanity must lean on God, that it is powerless to reach its ideal alone, the answer is: Humanity has conceived the ideal; and the moral problems that man can set, man also can solve. But man has not solved the problem, has not reached his ideal. True, but is there the slightest reason to think that it is because he has not worshipped enough? Has it been lack of saints, beads, candles, creeds, incense, altars, liturgies, and litanies? A very cursory study of the history of the church will reveal epochs in which a veritable furore of orthodox worship has been accompanied by deep moral degradation. Perhaps the self-sufficiency of man, which has been decried so constantly by the church, if given a little more encouragement, would have brought humanity much further on the way of righteousness than centuries of worship have done.

Is it not astonishing that the ethical ideal is the only one that man is denied a competency to attain or approach? Why should the moral effort, without a God somewhere in heaven to worship, be condemned to steril-

ity, or why should those who advocate the sufficiency of this moral baptism be branded as proud, cold, self-satisfied, pharisaical? Is the artist with his ideal proud, cold, and self-satisfied? Does he have to hypostatize a great infinite painter, with a canvas as big as creation, who paints infallibly? Does the scholar, in order to have a worthy ideal, have to assume a great infinite professor with a flawless intellect which grasps every aspect of knowledge? And do artist and scholar have to pray to these infinite types in order to keep pursuing the ideal which gleams before them? Why, then, need the moral idealist have to depend on a supernatural being, adorned with the qualities which he himself has conceived, in order to pursue his ideal to the limit of his uttermost strength?

Furthermore, in positing the God of the traditional theologies, the Cæsar-God, to whom prayer and sacrifice are made and human hosannas sung, we embarrass ourselves gratuitously with a host of perplexing questions, such as the existence of evil in the world of his creation, and the paradox of an omnipotent God allowing a semi-omnipotent devil to live alongside of him. Whereas, if we make our "God" that ideal which is truly worship-worthy, namely, the distillation from our confused, sin-mingled life of those virtues which we glimpse in their perfection, we shall both be spared such silly contradictions as a devil who has got beyond the control of an omnipotent God, and inspired with an ideal to tax our utmost spiritual energies.

I have dwelt so long on the question of worship because it is the crucial question in the discussion of religious duties. All else in religion derives from its initial conception of worship. The creed, for example, is but the attempt to adjust to historical fact and philosophical exi-

gencies the preoccupations of a finite and mundane man with an infinite and supernatural God. So long as we conceive a duty that transcends our moral appreciation, so long shall we be vexed by fears and distractions, by contradictions and discouragement. The root of superstition, too, is here. Call your duty "religious," if you will—it is all toward men. It is impossible to conceive of a duty toward God.

The ancient Greeks used several words to express the idea of law or obligation: "nomos," "thesmos," "melos." Nomos was "custom," the common usage of society which had developed since the time when a primitive folk pastured their flocks on the Hellenic hillsides. Thesmos was "statute," the prescription of the authorities of state, graven on tablets of wood, stone, or bronze. Melos was "harmony," the inward music of a character in which desire, will, and reason were tuned in fine and compelling accord. So it is with men to-day. For some, duty is acquiescence in average social standards; for others, it is obedience to a law imposed from without; for still others, but far too few, it is a beautiful music waking their souls to harmonious consent. Customary duty and coercive duty spoil this harmony. Thoreau once said that an orthodox Christian must fail fully to appreciate Christ: he lets worship obscure understanding. So the duty that is prescribed must conflict with the duty that is evolved out of experience. If the former be called "religious," then religious duties are only for the spiritually immature. For him who, in Dante's phrase, is "crowned lord and master of himself," there is but one kind of duty conceivable—the *melodic* duty of a character in tune, not "with the Infinite," but with the infinite promise in this finite life.

THE ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL*

By George E. O'Dell.

The New York Society for Ethical Culture owns a plot of land fronting on Central Park West for the width of one whole block. On this it has erected two buildings —a School and a Meeting House. The Ethical visitor is at once struck by the circumstance that the School is considerably larger than the Meeting House. The second thing he may notice is that the School is surmounted by the American flag.

In these two facts is to be read one of the dominant characteristics of the Ethical Movement in New York. It is profoundly interested in problems affecting the education of the young; and its work towards the solution of these may well be accounted as of national consequence.

In England Dr. Coit has concentrated his attention and that of his supporters primarily on the task of awakening and fostering moral earnestness in adults. Dr. Adler, since the foundation of the Movement, has also worked assiduously for this end, and tested many means of promoting it. But he has been still more concerned to advance the moral education of children. This does not imply any radical difference either in the Movement or in the personality of the leaders; the difference is rather in national conditions. The respect which the Ethical Movement undoubtedly receives in New York has been in great measure made possible by the fact that there is a peculiar and increasingly obvious need in America of such educational work among children as Dr.

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Adler and his coadjutors have done. To thoughtful Americans it appears a more than Herculean task to turn the unending stream of immigrants into good citizens; and so attention naturally fastens upon their sons and daughters—and inevitably the purview widens so as to include all the nation's children. The need of education faces America on every hand—education that shall break down the babel of tongues, overthrow the barriers due to a countless medley of religions and sects, solve the "color" problem, overcome the evils consequent on the segregation of nationalities in different districts of every large city, and raise up intelligent and disinterested voters who will make an end of political corruption in every state and township of the Union.

The Ethical Culture School is an experiment in the making of good citizens. They are to be American citizens, but this in no narrow geographical sense. America is naturally a place of experiment; it affords an exceptional opportunity for rapid advance in the better organization of life—the quick realization of high human ideals. There is here a demand—if not as yet a powerful one—for a citizenship that shall master the lessons of the past in order to proceed speedily in the intelligent moulding of the future, the making over of America into a City of the Light. If it would seem that America is as yet little interested in the Light, and intensely occupied with material goods, nevertheless her mood is not fixed—there is still a splendid plasticity about the national mind that invites enthusiastic hope and work for social reform. This, plainly, is how the School, and the Society behind it, feel about it. A nation which has made such material strides in a century ought to be capable of spiritual strides also —nay, perhaps at heart is not unwilling, and needs only to be made fully aware of this as a task in order to become

eager that the coming generation shall be fully equipped for it.

The School advocates, like a certain now historic Education Code in England, the making of character the chief end of school education. But it is much more explicit about it. It wants a certain sort of character. "The type of character we seek to produce," says one of its published statements, "is that which answers to the needs and expresses the ideal aspirations of the American democracy. . . . . Democratic society in America is progressive; the sort of men and women we wish to send out into the world are men and women profoundly interested in the ideal of human progress, and competent, each in his own way, of contributing to that progress." It is true that progress, as more elaborately defined in the pamphlet just quoted, would be desirable of achievement in Kamtschatka or Ashanti as much as in the United States. That is to say, it is the ideal implicit in sane social relationships the world over. But only nationally can the ideal be worked out in the first instance; Americans are primarily interested in America, and they will be best won to a world-wide human outlook through concentration on the establishment of social righteousness within their own borders. Hence the local appeal of the experiment now being conducted on the nation's behalf at Central Park West. Hence, also, the fact that the School would seem almost to be elbowing the Meeting House off the block; and the Meeting House, indeed, unable to compete in imposing frontage with half-a-dozen other places of worship on the same street-line, puts its entrance round the corner, eschews elaborate ornament, and comports itself with an unpretentious, withal dignified, simplicity that makes it unforgettably beautiful. The Society spends little on itself, but a great deal on the School.

Let us now note a third fact which might catch the attention of the Ethical sightseer. Were he to arrive at one o'clock in the afternoon, when certain of the primary grades finish schoolwork for the day, he would probably open his eyes very wide at the long string of carriages and automobiles drawn up outside, and the small army of coachmen, chauffeurs, and nurses waiting to take precious charges back to their wealthy homes. Like certain of our old English public schools, the Ethical Culture School was originally intended for the children of working men—indeed, this was so stated over the door. And, like these public schools, it presently so outstripped all other establishments in the quality of its education, and became so notoriously efficient, that the rich refused to have their children kept outside. Why, for instance, should wealthy supporters of the School make heavy sacrifices annually to educate working-class children better than their own?

To-day, in the School's greatly-enlarged premises, the wealthy, whether subscribers or not, can obtain places for their children on the same terms as elsewhere, but not to the extent of more than half the places available. For the rest there are lower terms, and at least one third of the places are wholly free.

The School has not allowed itself, like Eton or Harrow, to be captured by the rich; instead, it has admitted their children in order to help in the better accomplishment of its own purposes. It believes in the poor getting to know the rich just as much as in the rich getting to know the poor. Towards the creation of a real democracy in America, it believes in bringing together all classes of persons who ordinarily remain apart and antipathetic, so as to make them conscious of their common humanity, and of common responsibility to work for the progres-

sive redemption of America and the world. Wealthy boys and girls in New York are not usually educated together; here there is co-education. All races are equally eligible for admission. Wealthy parents who send children here must be prepared to have them mix with those of opposite sex, with poor children, with colored children, and—for some Gentiles not a light matter—with Jews. The School hits at a whole series of prejudices, and hits them hard.

But perhaps one reason why on occasion even the millionaire will seek to obtain the first vacant place for his child is to be found in a certain other intention of the School. Its advantages are many: it gives systematic moral instruction, and provides a school environment that helps to make this effective; it keeps in close touch with Columbia University and the latest experiments in psychology and pedagogy conducted there; it contrives to balance "interest," almost a modern craze, with insistence on hard work, and even drudgery; it gives the benefit of a school tradition, a school spirit, so strong and effectual that any other means of discipline is rarely required. But, over and above all this, it professes to be engaged in a specific work undertaken by no other school. It is trying to train "leaders"; its boys and girls are eventually to come to the front in business, art, science, politics, not only as technical experts in these departments, but also in the task of raising the moral tone of their professions. They are to give a lead in linking up business, art, science, politics, with the general good of the American nation and of mankind. They are to lead in making every profession and industry productive of noble men and women —the wealth which Ruskin set over against Manchester goods as the true social riches. The School, therefore, sets a certain standard of intelligence and conduct for

those whom it admits, and its ranks are recruited—at any rate, for scholarship pupils—by recommendation. Whether the children come from among the East Side poor or the Riverside rich, the process of selection is such that only rarely does a newcomer fail to fit into the environment, or prove that the curriculum is too much for him. So it is something of a feather in one's cap to have been educated in the Ethical Culture School.

Has the School, then, so selected its material that its methods are not being fairly tested so as to justify their being offered and received, as they are, for imitation in other schools? After spending many days in the classrooms, I would answer that the material is not so exceptional. It is clear that, for the most part, all the selective process does is to keep out the unruly and the dull—that is to say, those who ought to have special treatment in any case. It is not any remarkable degree of inborn intelligence or any uncommon fineness of instincts which impresses me in most of these young people. I am impressed rather by the fact that they are in the main of good average human quality, but that the School by its remarkable methods is raising them towards a high level of general mental and moral fitness. There may not be a single genius here. Perhaps not very many will come to the front as "leaders" in the popular sense of that word. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that the School is building, not better than it knows, but better than it may appear to profess. It is not an academy for Washingtons and Lincolns; nor yet is it training several hundred pupils on the speculative chance that a few may become leaders who would not otherwise prove competent to do so. It is doing something more remarkable than this. When the School speaks of "leaders" it does so in terms of a secret of which it is aware all the time, but rarely divulges—the

splendid secret which is at the heart of ideal democracy. For the ideal thing, in America, is that *every* American, even the hewer of wood and the drawer of water, shall be accustomed to act from high principles, and not drift with the tide of his own or other men's inclinations, and that he shall be ready with the directing voice, the word of command, if not all the time, then at least every time day by day that the hour sounds and there is the call for a man. Out of the mass of the School's pupils may come —have, indeed, already come—front-rank men and women; but that is a minor matter. Does it lift mediocrity out of the rut: does it inspire common human nature in a phrase of Dr. Adler's, *to react beneficently on its environment?* This is the true test, and I believe it is fulfilling it trumphantly. I believe this is why every educator who visits this School goes back to the unselected children in his own with new ideas in his head and new hopes in his heart. The School *is* a genuine example for all.

In this brief review it is impossible to deal with more than a few of the outstanding characteristics of the School. I must be content to refer to three. First, the "school spirit" already alluded to. I look back aghast at my own school days when I recall the absence of any such thing—the absence of any common feeling between teachers and pupils, or of any code of school manners that it would rarely occur to anyone to break. But here is a real community, conscious of itself and proud of itself. Every interest has its club, every class its social occasions; but over and above the effort to relate each unit intimately with small immediate groups is the fact that the scholars meet daily in larger masses, whether for a choral lesson, or for a lantern lecture, or for an address on some popular topic. And, through a Students' Council, with various committees, the pupil's outlook is expressed on matters

that concern the welfare of the whole School. The sense of belonging to a larger whole that possesses certain standards of conduct in common is so constantly aroused as to help greatly towards that surprising order and absence of overt discipline so apparent on every hand. But there are other influences at work. For instance, while it is natrual to New York children to be highly nervous and restless, the School is full of agencies productive of normality and repose. The teachers are invariably calm; they talk quietly, and are never in a hurry; they radiate dignity and self-control. The pupils, furthermore, are on the friendliest of terms with them, and to this is due in no small measure the genuine interest and quick intelligence shown in every department and during every hour of the work. The whole teaching, also, is permeated with the appeal to individuality, relying less on text-books than on constant discussion and practical work. These results, however, are not achieved without anxious care. If there is little open discipline, little friction, and much steady attention to work, it means no small amount of conference behind the scenes. The teachers are constantly conferring with their chiefs, with one another, or in general session together. And the influence of the home is enlisted. Many of the parents belong to the Chapters for Child Study organized by the Women's Conference at the Meeting House; all the parents have opportunity from time to time to join with the teachers in discussion on matters affecting the conduct of both. All the parents are expected to co-operate more or less with the School; if any do not appear to realize the need of this, and do not at once respond to the request that they will discuss their own child's welfare with the teachers specially concerned, the School has a wholesome habit of insisting until they do.

Secondly, the School, though it has now an established policy in regard to most matters, always has been, and proposes always to be, a place for experiment. It was not only a pioneer in moral instruction, it was the first to introduce the kindergarten system in America; and it introduced manual instruction as part of the general education for primary grades first in the world. Its latest experiments are no less far-reaching in their character. On the roof of the building it has established an open-air department for delicate children and any others whose parents may wish to have them attend. This is no mere summer scheme; all through last winter the children, encased in woolen coverings, sat and studied under shelter but surrounded by pure fresh air. With hot lunch in the refectory and plenty of exercise they came through without any mishap, and with every evidence of increased physical and mental fitness. Another experiment consists in the opening of a department for art students who in the ordinary course would now attend to nothing besides art. Here they study history, science, and literature in their relations to art. The object is not only to make them more cultured as artists, but to make them more cultured men and women, interested in general progress and freed from that one-sidedness so prevalent among those engaged in absorbing vocations. Art is thus to be for them a window looking out on all life. This is but a beginning; should the venture prove to be justified, other vocational students will be provided for in their turn.

Now, finally, a word as to the moral instruction given. The School disclaims any great faith in moral instruction unaccompanied by an environment in which it is only the focussing-point for impressions which are being made intentionally all the time. The lessons in ethics, which are given by Dr. Elliott, Dr. Neumann, and others, are built

around the central conception of progress in society towards the highest human ideal; but the same conception is emphasized daily in the teaching of history, geography, art, music—anywhere that it may be possible to arouse a sense of progress, a feeling that civilization advances, that it advances by human effort, that the effort is worth while. The School has in mind two evils to be fought: that of the materialistic selfishness which refuses to care about the progress of mankind, and that of hasty, wildcat adventure in social reform. It uses the study of history to combat both. It will be at once remarked that there is some danger here; however desirable it may be to check fallacious hopefulness and to show that progress has been a matter of growth—and of slow if not of an orderly kind—does not a high level of general education of itself produce more than enough conservatism? Perhaps the greater need is to prevent the natural weight of historic conceptions from paralyzing the spirit of adventure in educated people altogether. But I see no evidence in the present teaching of overstressing the slowness of historic advance. Far from it. The School is fortunate in its teachers. Indeed, its teachers, themselves both creators and creatures of the School spirit, are as remarkable a body of men and women as one could wish to know.

Ethical Literature

Books sold by American Ethical Union, 1415 Locust St., Philadelphia

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THE VICTORIOUS DEATH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT*

By Horace J. Bridges.

I.

The story of the expedition made by Robert Falcon Scott and his companions to discover the South Pole and to increase our scientific knowledge of the Antarctic region, is one that mankind will not willingly let die. I shall here give only a brief résumé of its leading incidents, partly because the facts are so familiar, and also in order that I may devote my time to a consideration of certain trains of thought which the theme suggests.

To estimate aright the gallantry of the explorers, we must make some attempt to imagine what is involved in spending a year and a half in the utter desolation and the pitiless climate of the great Ice Barrier and the Beardmore Glacier. We who live in the comfort of civilization cannot do justice to this feature of polar exploration. But we can perhaps form some faint conception of the suffering it entails if we imagine ourselves living in canvas tents, for months and months on end, in the fiercest winter weather of the Northwestern States.

This, however, is the experience shared in common by all polar explorers. What impresses one in the case of the Scott expedition is the almost supernaturally bad luck which dogged its footsteps at every turn. The collapse of the motor sledges was the first of these incidents. Then

*The substance of a discourse given before the Chicago Ethical Society on Sunday morning, October 12th, 1913.

their pony transport failed them much earlier than they had anticipated; and then they seem to have given up their dogs sooner than was necessary. The actual polar party, consisting of five men, had to tug a heavy sledge hundreds of miles to the Pole, only to be confronted, on arrival there, by the heart-freezing disappointment of finding that they had been anticipated.

Their return journey was hindered by blizzard after blizzard; and in the significant words of Scott, "we had not one completely fine day," is contained a sufficient explanation of the ultimate tragedy.

Then comes the record of the collapse and death of Petty Officer Evans, "the strongest man of the party." The little company is now reduced to four men, all worn by toil to the verge of collapse, and one of them already marked for death. They are hindered in their progress by the ever-increasing illness of Captain Oates, who at last, unwilling to be a burden upon them, decides to lay down his life. Inexpressibly moving is the brief record, penned by Scott's dying hand, of his companion's heroism. After camp is pitched, and when the blizzard is raging, Oates quietly says, "I am just going outside; I may be some time." If this was suicide, it was the one suicide of which I have ever heard that seems to me completely justified. The cenotaph erected to commemorate the death of Oates, expresses in briefest form the intuitive homage of humanity to such a self-sacrifice: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

Imagination reels in the effort to follow the march of the three survivors to the final camp, where they arrived with food for two days, but with fuel for only one meal. They were but eleven miles from plenty and comparative safety; but they might as well have been a thousand. They were surrounded by a blizzard which made further pro-

gress impossible, even had they been sufficiently fed; and Scott's last message is written after they have been in their tent four days, and when they must, therefore, have been at least two days without food. The pitiless gale was still raging when the dying hand indited its last message to the world. What happened afterwards can only be guessed from the condition of the tent when at last it was discovered by the rescue party. The bodies of Wilson and Bowers were wrapped in their sleeping-bags; that of Scott was outside of his. Evidently he had been able to give this last attention to his friends between the time of their death and his own.

One gathers the character of Scott, not only from the mere list of events in the expedition, but from many little indications disclosed by his diary. First it stands on record that before leaving for the Antarctic he had arranged that the profits on his book should all be divided among his companions, after their return. He had not told them of this arrangement; the money was to come to them in the shape of a surprise bonus.

It is to be remembered, also, that the last message of Scott is the only part of his diary which was consciously written for others to read. The diary itself consists of matter which he must naturally have expected to revise before publication. We may, therefore, fairly assume that it contains a real disclosure of his thought and feeling, uncolored by adaptation to the tastes or expectations of readers. It was written for the most part when the apparition of failure and death was not present to his mind. We may thus expect to obtain by reading it, and by reading between its lines, a more than ordinarily reliable impression of the character of the writer.

One notes with interest the unaffected regret which Scott expresses on each occasion when he has to send

back some of the members of his party. For all of those to whom the favour of participation in the final enterprise could not be extended, he has words of genuine sympathy.

Another characteristic of the man is the repeated rejoicing in the harmony which prevailed among his party, and in their loyalty to himself as leader. He scarcely ever mentions his own share in the work. Yet it lies on the surface of the narrative that the loyalty and harmony, for which he is so grateful, must have been inspired by his own rare personal qualities. We hear much of the unfailing ingenuity of Petty Officer Evans; the debt of the expedition to the keen eyes of Bowers is repeatedly commemorated. There is enthusiastic praise of the wonderful expedition made by Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard, to the emperor penguin rookery at Cape Crozier. Scott waxes eloquent in his description of the labor and suffering undergone by his companions in a portion of the expedition in which he did not participate; but there is no record of the even greater trials and torments which he must himself have undergone, apart altogether from the tremendous burden of responsibility which inevitably fell to the leader's share.

Still another indication of Scott's calibre is given in his account of the overwhelming disappointment which awaited them at the Pole itself. Here again, although the blow fell heaviest upon himself, his only thought is for others; "It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for *my loyal companions.*" There is no trace of jealousy or resentment against his successful rival; only a generous testimony to the efficiency of that rival's work: "There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark, and fully carried out their program."

The finest fragment of unconscious autobiography, however, which this journal gives us is contained in that

last moving message to the public, which the starved and dying man penned at the moment of utter defeat. From his tent amid the eternal desolation, with the last flames of life burning low, he writes, "I do not regret this journey. . . . . We took risks; we knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last." Then, with characteristic self-forgetfulness, "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of *my companions,* which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman." And, last of all, that appeal to his country's generosity, on behalf of the dependents of his companions and himself, which could not have failed to move the heart of any nation.

One's first reaction upon reading such a narrative is a feeling of proud and joyous confidence in the eternal fineness and dignity of the human spirit. It is in the midst of unrelieved tragedy, it is in the very heart of the triumphs of evil, that we find the refutation of pessimism. When I first read the message of Captain Scott, there sprang up at once in my mind the classic lament of Burke over the decay of the knightly spirit; and, together with it, the glad consciousness that Burke had spoken falsely. Let us recall his familiar words, in order that we may see how completely, even to detail, the story of Scott refutes them:

> The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound,

which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched.

It is characteristic of pessimists to disregard the good in human things. They concentrate attention on exceptional evil, and forget that it is exceptional. They forget that if truth, honesty and justice were not already dominant in large measure, the daily life of human society would be rendered impossible. The heroism of Scott, while its context of tragic circumstance enables it to stand as a typical refutation of Burke's lament, discloses only an exceptional degree of a quality which is common to all mankind, and discernible in the daily history of every group of human beings. There is always courage, self-abnegation, and readiness for death in the service of others, even among the poorest and least fortunately circumstanced of mankind. The height of the wave is evidence, to the initiated, of the depth of the ocean from which it springs; and the individual character of such a man as Scott implies and testifies to the presence of his great qualities in the reservoir of spiritual life from which his own being was drawn.

II.

Two main lines of reflection are suggested by the incident which we are here considering. The first of these concerns the attitude of the modern world towards death.

It is unquestionable that our thoughts nowadays are far less directed towards death than were those of mankind in the Middle Ages. For then the whole of life was consciously viewed as a preparation for death, and for that larger life which was believed to lie beyond. It was one of the great changes in the human outlook which accompanied the revival of learning, the outburst of the

spirit of geographical discovery, and the emergence of the scientific spirit, that the centre of attention was removed to earth, and to the life that now is. In the writings of Bacon, the incarnation of the spirit of science, we find many protests against the morbid focussing of attention on the end of life, which had prevailed down to his time. He points out, with his usual masterly psychological insight, that there is scarcely any motive in human nature so weak that it cannot overcome the fear of death. He further affirms that most of the teachings of philosophers and divines had increased the dread of death, while they offered to cure it; "for, when they would have a man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that death is a terrible enemy, against which there is no end of preparing."

Spinoza, again, voices the growing protest of his age against a gloomy and excessive contemplation of man's mortality. "The free man," he writes, "thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life."

The modern world has gone to an opposite extreme from that of the Middle Ages. Far from needing the advice of Bacon and Spinoza, we need rather to return to something of that seriousness of mind which made the preparation for death an essential part of the business of life. Our attitude to-day is perhaps best expressed in the words of W. K. Clifford: "That love of action which would put death out of sight, is to be counted good, as a holy and healthy thing, necessary to the life of men, serving to knit them together, and to advance them in the right."

Whether this be sound advice or not, it is undeniable that it reflects the actual practice of mankind. But is there not a profounder wisdom? Is there not a *via media*

between the mediæval brooding over death, and the modern anxiety to forget it? Clifford was a brave spirit, whose early death was a grievous loss to mankind; and it is with no desire to reflect upon him that I criticize his counsel in this matter. But there seems to me something shallow, something even of what is called Dutch courage, in the policy of putting death out of sight. It reminds one somehow of that wave of the arm by which Mr. Podsnap was wont to banish into oblivion anything repugnant to the great Victorian English god of comfort and bourgeois respectability.

If Spinoza is right in his contention that the free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, it can only be in the sense that the free man has already thought out to the end the prospect of death, and made his peace with it. Only then is he truly free—only then can he afford not to think of it; just as the athlete, who has undergone thorough training, need not trouble himself with the question of his fitness when the hour of the struggle comes.

We, to-day, are in general far removed from this high freedom. We have put death out of sight; we have not reconciled ourselves to it. And because we have only banished the spectre and not laid it, we are apt to be smitten with horror at every suggestion of its re-emergence. How many of my hearers have ever in their lives devoted ten minutes to meditation on the thought that they too must surrender their being? How many of us have sought in any way to make our peace with death, or to decide whether we loyally accept a life which carries with it, as an inevitable condition, the death of the body? It is our business to think this question out to the end; and only when we have done so, can we be "free men" in the sense of Spinoza.

Various are the ways in which men have made terms

with the so-called last enemy. The most common, and the one which probably would still serve the great majority of people, if they seriously considered the subject, is the thought of personal immortality. I cannot here examine this doctrine in detail, and must content myself with remarking that there is an inherent weakness in it from the point of view of our moral and spiritual victory over our lower nature. I am not at the moment raising the question of the truth of the doctrine. It may or may not be the fact that death is the gate of a larger life. My point is that the man who overcomes his fear of death by means of his belief in immortality, has not really vanquished his fear at all. To deny the existence of death, as our Christian Science friends do explicitly, and our orthodox friends implicitly, is not to attain victory over it. There is, indeed, some truth in the bitter words of the satirist who declares that he who finds his refuge in the thought of immortality, has been so completely overcome by the fear of death that he refuses to die on any terms. Spiritual triumph is only attained by the man who is ready for annihilation, and who accepts the gift of life with that stern condition attached to it.

Another class of men there is, who, irrespective of the thought of immortality, welcome death because they are at outs with life. Complete pessimism falls naturally below what Sir John Seeley called the "suicide-mark." And, short of such despair, it is obvious that world-weariness, or any profound dissatisfaction with the changes and chances of this mortal life, will make a man take comfort in the thought of death merely as an alternative to an existence so unsatisfactory. This is the attitude expressed in the great threnody of Shelley upon the death of Keats. Keats is happy in that he has escaped the woes inevitable to man:

He is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings; we decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

In like manner, Keats himself welcomes the thought of dissolution as a refuge from the ills of life. Every lover of the "Nightingale" Ode knows by heart the reason why the poet is "half in love with easeful death." It is because for him this world is a place

Where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think, is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

The same note of world-weariness rings through much of our modern poetry. To Swinburne, in some of his moods, death is welcome not for its own sake, or for life's sake, but as a haven of escape from life:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank, with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

And again, in the haunting cadences that close his "Ave atque Vale" to Baudelaire, it is the incurable troublesomeness of life that makes death welcome:

Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done.
There lies not any troublous thing before,

Nor sight, nor sound, to war against thee more;
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

Probably no more seductive embodiment of the idea under discussion could be found than these poetic presentations of it which I have quoted; yet, despite the magic of the poets, we cannot fail to detect the note of morbidity in their strain. We refuse to assent to the doctrine that life is inherently and irremediably evil; and if we can make our peace with death only by embracing this doctrine, then with death we must remain unreconciled. But is there no alternative to the choice between the hope of immortality, and the despair of this life? Are we shut up to selecting one or the other of these two horns to impale ourselves upon?

Not so. There is still another attitude towards death, which can be adopted by those of us who neither stake our faith upon the thought of eternal existence for the individual, nor are willing to stultify our life in this world by implying that release from it, on any terms, were better than its continuance. This third attitude is hinted at by the mediæval Catholic, St. Francis of Assisi, and is brought out into clear relief in the ultra-modern American poet of democracy, Walt Whitman. In his "Canticle of the Sun," St. Francis gives thanks, with profound insight, for "our sister, the death of the body." And Whitman, in lines which are dear to many in the Ethical Movement, who have known them by heart for years, praises the fathomless universe just as much for "the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death" as he does "for life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious, and for love, sweet love." Almost startling in their daring seizure of what to many is the most piercing of the thorns of life, are his words of welcome to the ghostly visitant:

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee; I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song, that, when thou must indeed come, thou come unfalteringly.

Here, surely, is the rare equipoise of sanity and virility. Here is the harmony which we are seeking. It is because the singer is in love with *life* that he welcomes death, the inevitable condition of life. It is because "Life's gift outruns his fancies far" that he is prepared to accept it subject to the proviso that it must end. How far in advance is this of the attitude which would put death out of sight! How much finer, morally and spiritually, than the attitude which considers death only a make-believe, only the entry to a fuller life!

I repeat (because this is a point upon which a man has to take the utmost pains to escape misunderstanding) that I do not deny immortality *as a fact*. My attitude towards it is one of suspended judgment. The would-be scientific evidence for it seems to me as futile as the dogmatic materialism which undertakes to prove it impossible. My point here is, however, that the man who *depends morally* on the hope of immortality, is *ipso facto* morally poorer than he who does not. There is a defect in the cosmic patriotism of one who needs this assurance; and in these days, when men are losing their hold, much more extensively than is generally imagined, upon the belief in immortality, it becomes increasingly perilous to seek in such a quicksand our moral anchorage.

The only way to true spiritual freedom and to ultimate peace is to regard this life as the sphere of duty, and to accept duty itself as the supreme and unconditional goal of existence. Such was the depth of moral insight attained by Saint Teresa, who, as the legend goes, was seen with a lighted candle in one hand, and a bucket of water

in the other, and, being asked what these were for, replied that she wished to burn up heaven and to extinguish the flames of hell, in order that men might love God with a love uncorrupted either by fear of punishment or by hope of reward. This heresy of the Catholic saint is surely an instance of the finest ethical orthodoxy. If our attitude towards life be thus centred on the fulfillment of duty, if we regard this frame of things as having for its final cause the manifestation of man's highest moral attributes, we at once obtain a perfectly clear orientation. We are at once committed to a willing acceptance of life, so long as it can be made to last; and we shall be equally ready, when our day closes, to sing with joy what Bacon calls the sweetest canticle of all, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

III.

The second problem which the fate of Scott forces us to consider is that of the standard of success in life. What constitutes success? I put aside entirely the vulgar materialism which would define it merely in terms of cash or of newspaper publicity. I assume that none of my hearers needs to be converted from a standard, the fallacy of which is as obvious as its vulgarity. The question I put to myself is whether even that finer standard, which makes success dependent on the realization of one's conscious aim in life, does not also need revision. That this is the criterion of success adopted by many whose character and whose ethical insight are entitled to our respect, does not, I think, need proving. The defect of such a standard is that it groups among failures those who have given to mankind the very finest and most heroic examples that have irradiated the pathway of history.

Judged by this standard, Robert Scott failed, and Roald Amundsen succeeded. Judged by this standard, too, martyrdom is inevitably a proof of failure. Yet do we not feel that there is something amiss with a criterion which classes among failures such men as Socrates, Jesus, Sir Thomas More, Hugh Latimer, and Robert Scott, and such a woman as Joan of Arc? In regard to each of these we feel, intuitively, the appositeness of the note of triumph which Milton sounds over the death of Samson, in the "Samson Agonistes":

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Yet how can this attitude of exultation be made to consist with the verdict of failure on such lives? Is not such triumphant acclamation the very hall-mark of success?

To return to our modern instance, has not Captain Scott, by the manner of his death, conferred upon humanity something far finer than his triumphant return would have involved? To say this is not to minimize the tragedy of his loss; it is only to insist upon the eternal value which mankind undauntedly extracts from the greatest temporal woes. The spontaneous testimony of our consciousness affirms that the attainment of the South Pole is worth far less, morally, than the explorer's approximation to the high meridian of spiritual triumph. The glory of the Antarctic Midnight Sun is dim indeed, when compared with the "supersolar blaze" of the victory of the soul over the body, and over the hostility of the outward world.

The criterion of success which I would seek to formulate, must give a rational justification to the spontaneous feeling of triumph inspired in us by the heroic

death of the martyr. And, upon analysis, our way to formulate such a criterion seems to become clear. It is undeniably a fact that there is in every man and woman something greater than the individual will. Each of us is a transitory incarnation of a universal will, however we may describe it—whether as the will of God or of humanity. Now in the triumph of this greater will—in the fulfillment of the organic law of our spiritual being—there is attained a success far out-shining in splendor the achievement of one's conscious personal aim in life. The manifestation, in despite of a hostile world, of those qualities of character which command the spontaneous admiration of all disinterested observers, constitutes the success of the racial will; and the very condition of this success is frequently the failure of one's conscious purpose. In every case of martyrdom worthy of reverence, from Socrates down to Robert Scott, it is this greater success which accounts for the triumphant exaltation of our hearts in the face of grimmest tragedy. Let us say, then, that *success consists either in fulfilling one's conscious purpose or in exemplifying the organic trend of the general will of man; and only that life is a failure in which neither of these ends is attained.*

Upon the rude monument which marks the last resting place of Scott, Bowers and Wilson, are inscribed the closing words of Tennyson's "Ulysses": "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." The lines which end with these words interpret not only the spirit of the explorer, but the whole history of human advance. How can we better sum up the high adventure of humanity, its æonian striving against incalculable odds, than by describing it in Tennyson's words:

> One equal temper of heroic hearts
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield?

In the unpathed desolation of the Antarctic snows, cut off forever from all that he held dear, knowing that he should never see again the face of wife or child, and awaiting the approach of death, Scott was able to say, "I do not regret this journey." May we so live that at the last—in utter desolation, if so it must be—both we and those who look to us for example and strength, shall be able to find nothing for regret in our journey through the wilderness of this world.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME—A PLEA FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF THE CALENDAR*

By Percival Chubb.

The following passages from Charles Lamb's Essay on New Year's Eve were read before the address:

Every man hath two birthdays; two days at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away. . . . But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected in that regretted time. I begin to know its true worth —as when a person dies. It takes a personal color. . . .

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to rain hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. . . .

But now, shall I confess to a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. . . . In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. . . .

I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle" . . . I am in love with this green earth: the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here.

*The substance of a New Year's address given at the "Quiet Hour" of the Ethical Society of St. Louis, December 31, 1913.

We are met to-night for a brief hour that we may hold our minds quietly directed upon the most significant event of the calendar,—the passing from the old year to the new. Out of this event we would evoke as rich a music as the imagination and reason can discourse to us; the mingled music of memory and prophecy, history and hope. In the spirit of Charles Lamb's confession, we would not allow such an event to pass us by without attempting by meditation to win out of it some of the values which it has for the imagination, before which there now vaguely floats for many of us, doubtless, a picture of the river of time, slowly making one of those great sweeps in its course which is to bring us to face a new reach of the stream.

Though these cyclic windings of our human stream of time are of small cosmic import;—though no clocks strike the hours and days and years in the cosmic horologue, yet it is good to live by the calendar which marks off such recurrent episodes of our human history. From it, with its red-letter days, we may gain a sense of the pageantry and pomp of our life; some radiance of the glory of those who have left their names upon its roll of fame. But it is chiefly valuable in that it helps to give form—dramatic or epic form, and unity to our days, with beginning, climax, and conclusion as in a drama or story, or, perhaps better still, as in a masque with its larger pageantry, its lyric interludes, and its dances and rhythmical movements.

Life is commonly likened—as our greatest poet likens it—to a play, with its seven acts corresponding to the seven ages of man. Within the acts are the scenes that are years, which have a unity of their own, and are in turn made up of the episodes which are months and weeks, with their smaller unities. Think what the flight of time would be without such groupings and divisions; without

the recurrent rhythms of its anniversaries! By means of these it is possible to compose our human lives into something which has the form or structure of a work of art, or at least challenges us to make them such.

Our forefathers used their calendar to such purposes. There they found the acts and scenes and episodes marked off, and the great actors in the masque rubricated. They could follow day by day the great procession of the seasons and their subdivisions: Yule and Candlemas and Lady Day; Mid-Summer Day, St. Crispin's Day, Michaelmas, Lammas, and again round to Christmas. There they followed the sequence of holy days, reflecting the drama of the religious life; the innumerable Saints' Days, with their procession of aureoled figures which had passed across the stage of that sacred history;—a large, but partial assemblage of the crowd of witnesses to virtue and truth and goodness, which the French Philosopher, Comte, has made over into a more inclusive and modernized calendar of great men. And wisely; for why should not we of this new age have our refashioned calendar with its daily reminder of those light-bearers and path-finders, liberators, heroes, sages, workers, who have created the civilization which we enjoy? Why not, indeed, a nobler calendar with its suggestions, day by day and month by month and season by season, of the vast drama of the cosmos and the great company of the faithful and the valiant by whom we are companioned on our human journey?

If we used it aright, then day unto day would utter speech. Far-off echoes out of the dim past would reach us to stir and enrich the imagination. As the months came round;—aye even the days of the week—we might rest the mind on the fossil poetry and legendary history which the very names of months and days embody:—January, with its mythic deity, July with its great potentate; Wed-

nesday and Thursday to bring back Woden and Thor; Easter and Yule, the ancient seasonal rejoicings of our progenitors.

But these habits have passed from us, and we are the poorer in consequence. Why should we not recover them? Life would thereby gain immensely in quality. There might then be the daily pause of the mind to consider our great human and cosmic chronicle. Our forefathers made time for these things; they kept their diaries and common-place books; they had their almanacs and their breviaries; and these helped them to beat back for a few moments every day the onset of business and pleasure. Why should not our days also be reverberant with the accents of great names and great events; and of the songs which nature chants,—the joyous song of the morning stars and the statelier music of the spheres?

No philosophy of life can stake all on the present moment. The present moment is what it is by virtue of its setting in the past and the light which it borrows from the future. It takes its color from memories and hopes. The more of the past it carries with it, the richer its freight of quickening remembrance. The more light is shed on it out of our imagination of the future, the more it shines. Do we hesitate to recall that past? Let us realize that ordinarily memory has a gracious healing and illuminating way with the past. It transmutes the fair spaces in the picture to a still greater fairness; and as for the dark spaces, these may be re-arranged, recomposed, as it were, in their connection with the things that are to be, the things we would bring to pass. For no man's past is a finished product. Out of it the best fruit may yet be garnered, even as the poet says:

> God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
> And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain.

To-night we stand, our hearts and minds unusually sensitized, at a familiar and yet always challenging meeting-place of the two great eternities of the past and the future. Our momentary task is that of bringing them together in the mind, so that they may co-operate in creating a present and leading on to a future which shall be more illumined with great memories gathered out of our own past and the august past of our race, and at the same time more pregnant with inspiring prophecy, than any moment of our lives yet has been. May this hour aid us in our task, and usher in with bolder promise the Happy New Year of our highest aspirations and resolves.

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THE MINIMUM WAGE AND THE MORAL LIFE OF THE WORKING-WOMEN*

By John Lovejoy Elliott.

During the past quarter-century no great dramatic changes have taken place in the nation's life, and yet how much has been preparing! Like a flood of light has come in the new information. To judge by the magazines, which are an excellent record of what interests the public, no subject occupies so large a place in people's minds as what we vaguely call the "social condition." But—magazines apart—from recent books by some of the most trustworthy of our university professors, from monographs, from long and carefully prepared scientific reports edited by investigators who, after years of training, have devoted themselves to the collection of this information,—a new light shines in the world, and this great dawning light has revealed many things.

It has brought us great hope. Those best informed believe that poverty, in its bitterest forms, need not always exist; that contagious diseases like the "white plague" can be exterminated, and that many of those evils which have been the heritage of our race since its beginning need not always curse those who are most heavily laden.

But if this dawning light had brought great hope, it has also brought great shame. Many there are who believe that in the revelation of the conditions of working-women and children there is the greatest cause for shame,—in the fact that this world of industry is so much a man's world yet at the bottom of the wage scale we find the women and the children, and we find furthermore that

*An address given before the Societies for Ethical Culture of New York and Philadelphia.

this whole great machinery of industry is to no small extent carried forward on the weak shoulders of women and children. For they bear the heaviest burdens. Men have been long in the fight. With trades-unions, with skill acquired through generations, they go forth. Women are still new in industry; in fact, we are yet facing practically the first generation of those who, in great numbers, have gone out to work.

There is, however, the great hope that the nation may care for its own. We find, everywhere in the field, signs of a deep fervor (comparable only to the earnestness with which men in the past have served their religious organization) in those who are beginning to care for the results —*all* the results, good and bad—of industry. You find there the same zeal that was manifested by the ancient Hebrew prophets when they cried out for righteousness, "Hear, O Israel!" So the cry is going out now, "Hear, O America!" See, in this new light, the facts and conditions among which we live.

The new light reveals this deep earnestness and religious fervor expressed in new terms, but also lays bare the fact that our human nature, while it can produce the wonderful fruitage of new hope and new virtue, still leaves the mark of tooth and claw on the broken hands and bodies, aye, on the very souls of the workers. There is yet effective in the world that same brute tendency to prey on the weaker race, to fatten and batten on the weaker age, to prey on the weaker sex. It is a man's world, with all its glory and all its shame. We need a new chivalry, not stated in the old terms but in the new—a knight-errantry of the strong to sustain the weak.

A mistake we often make is to interpret poverty altogether in material terms, in food and clothes and shelter. Poverty must also be translated into mental terms, the

moral struggle, the emotional values. The heaviest work, the hardest work of the world, we say is done by men; but the women, who are the weaker, do not think less, do not feel less; and I ask you to consider life on its mental side. Adopt, if you can, the outlook on life of those who bear the heaviest burdens. Indeed, that is a difficult thing, to put ourselves in another's place; nor can we ever be sure that the thoughts and feelings we attribute to those in that position are at all what they veritably experience. But let us at least try to see how life looks to those who are bearing the heaviest burdens.

And how heroically do they carry them, these women and girls, and sometimes these children! What a fight they are making for life and for virtue! Those who know the condition among working-women and working-girls know very well how to value such outrageous and abominable statements as are sometimes made in the public prints, as, for instance, that it is an open question whether or not a woman shall sell her body into industry or into shame. There is no such question among them. The records of every court and every investigation, the reports from every mission and every rescue home, show how slight is the connection between the actual wage and the virtue of women. They know the real values of life, and have often had to fight hard for them, in the face of all the temptation that vice can present to poverty, in the midst of misery, and want, and uncertainty, in the din of the pounding machinery of a great factory, that tells them of the dreariness of to-day, and seems to reiterate the words—and to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow! In spite of all that, the virtuous life among working-women is holding its own.

And yet, if there is but little direct connection, there is a great deal of indirect connection between virtue and

wages. We cannot excuse those who are instrumental in making these general social conditions out of which the evil grows. We know the weakness of human nature; we know how easily it is confused and distraught. The records of each of us, and our observation of the life about us, show how weak we all are. In the home where there is poverty, misery, wretchedness, and hopelessness, where youth demands the natural expression of hope and joy, which is denied, we know how weak human nature can be. When it comes to the immediate and dramatic choice between the evil life and poverty, there is no question; but when it comes to the indirect connection between vice and misery and poverty and wretchedness, the records show the obvious relation existing between evil social conditions and "the life" that is the worst that men make. The working-mother and the working-girl, urged not infrequently by the very love in her heart for others, makes the gravest mistake that can be made by anyone.

Those who strive for the minimum wage are simply trying to put down one plank in a broad platform of social justice that must be built under the feet of these girls and women and men who are so hard pressed by industrial conditions, and so unremittingly. This one plank is necessary in that structure, because the working-people themselves will be very doubtful about the limitation of hours and other economic and social legislation if it means, as it has meant in some of the industrial towns in Massachusetts, that they have to get along with less money. With the increased cost of the necessaries of life everywhere, we find they cannot get along without the support of the minimum wage in certain industries.

The discussion of the minimum wage has long passed the academic stage. It has been tried for twenty years in Australia. The experiment was begun because of low

wages in certain sweated industries. And now in Massachusetts, on the first of July in this year, we are to put into practice the minimum wage in that state for women. During the past two decades in Australia, the minimum wage boards have spread from one industry to another,—sometimes at the request of the employer, sometimes at the request of the employees—until, in 1910, almost twenty new trades asked to come in under that scheme, so that in Victoria to-day, there are ninety-one trades that have asked to come in under the Minimum Wage Law. Wages have increased during that time from twelve to thirty-five per cent., and the number of persons engaged in those industries has steadily increased. I ask you to note that point, because so many say that if we have minimum wage boards it will drive the people out of those industries.

Three years ago, England, after a careful Parliamentary investigation, introduced the minimum wage into the chain industry, the lace industry, the wholesale clothing industry; and last year a further extension was made to some of the greatest industries of the nation. There has been a steady increase in the extent of its application in those countries which are particularly democratic. The states and nations which are eager to try this scheme are not the paternal, but the democratic nations.

A few words will suffice as to the *modus operandi.* In England, in Australia, and in our own country there is a decided similarity. Let us take the case nearest home. In Massachusetts, after a model investigation and report, open to all to read, a law was passed, giving the Governor the power to appoint a commission of three people (one of whom might be a woman) to look into certain trades. When they find that a considerable number of people in a certain trade are being paid less than a living

wage, a wage insufficient to keep them in health, this commission has the right to call together representatives of the employers and of the employees selected by their respective organizations, the general public being also represented, to appoint a chairman, and ask them to make an investigation into that trade, to see whether it could not stand a rise in the bottom wages, and to report to the Minimum Wage Commission. The commission may approve or disapprove, in whole or in part, their conclusions, and their decision, in turn, is open to review by the courts. Their recommendations are not mandatory and apply only to women. The first Minimum Wage Law, therefore, in America is exceedingly tentative, and there is no question as to its constitutionality. In Ohio they have recently amended their State Constitution, making it possible to establish Minimum Wage Boards for both men and women. In Minnesota, in Oregon, in Wisconsin, measures of a like nature are preparing. This democratic scheme is beginning to find favor at length in the minds of those who are the most interested in those states that are most awake to the new vision. There is still doubt about the constitutionality of the Ohio law.

What are the objections to the Minimum Wage? One of the most commonly urged is this, that it will throw people out of employment. One of our greatest merchants has expressed the opinion that it will put more people on the streets than ever. But we are getting used to these loose and scarehead statements. The experience of twenty years points in a different direction. Furthermore, I doubt very much whether the world's work can be done by fewer people than at present engaged in industry, and there is every reason to believe that the labor market can absorb all the labor it can get. So little indeed are we able to handle our own situation here that we are encour-

aging crowds of laborers to come from other nations. There is a constant, growing demand for people in industry, and we need not fear that the numbers employed in healthy industries will decrease, but rather there is every expectation that they will be enormously increased in the coming years.

But, it is said, the weaker will go. In certain industries there are many persons perfectly capable of earning much more than they are getting. The relation between the price of the product and the cost of the labor involved is most uncertain. The trusts have demonstrated that there is no absolute connection there. If it is said, on the other hand, that the defectives engaged in certain industries would suffer by being discharged, I would say quite frankly that I think no better good could come. If you have individual girls working in some industries incapable of earning a living wage in that industry, no greater good could come to them or to the community in which they live than to have the facts known, and the difficulty faced. The one danger is in refusing to face the situation. If it is true that there are some poor minds only capable of sorting corks; if that is absolutely the best and finest thing that they can do, the top of their capacity, that fact should be recognized. That girls should not be in competition with other girls better equipped, and keeping down the wages of the other girls. Under present conditions, the girl in industry who is defective establishes the wage of the capable and able and educated girl. Of all things, let us have discrimination, sorting out. If we sort corks, let us sort workers, instead of going blindly ahead ignoring the facts of the situation.

Another objection is that if wages are increased there will also be a necessary increase in the cost of commodities. A great many of the sweated industries, such as lace-

making, the manufacture of expensive candies, are concerned with luxuries. The lowest paid workers are making luxuries that can stand an increase. The increase will be widely distributed among all buyers, and be paid by the section of the community above the poverty line, whereas now the burden rests exclusively on certain poor, wretched beings that have to pay the price that you and I may get cheaper goods.

Again, it is said that the minimum wage is not needed, that wages are high enough as it is,—altogether too high, in fact. Let me quote certain figures in this connection from Scott Nearing's book "Wages in America." Mr. Nearing, a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and a careful writer. The book was published in 1911. It states that three fifths of the women of America are getting less than $325 a year, that nine tenths are getting less than $500, and that three fourths of the men workers and nineteen twentieths of the women workers are getting less than $600 a year wages. I think we need not argue the point of adequacy of remuneration.

There is also the argument that the spirit of American industry requires a *laissez faire* system: things must be allowed to go on without interference; there is always room at the top. Ten per cent. of our workers in America are getting more than $1,000 a year; forty per cent. are semi-skilled and fifty per cent are unskilled. The wage situation is like a pyramid with a very narrow top and a very wide base, and it is impossible under the present system for many to work their way into a decent living wage. It is possible for a few. Those who take the other side of the argument are always pointing to the few near the top of the pyramid, whereas the vast number, about whom we are concerned, can never climb there.

Investigation in Massachusetts proved that sixty-five

per cent. of the workers in candy factories were getting less than $8 per week; that thirty per cent. of the workers in the department stores were getting less than $6; that forty per cent. in the laundries and forty per cent. in the cotton industries were getting less than $6 a week.

One point to be remembered is that there is the greatest variation in the same trade as to the wages that are paid. In the candy factories it was shown that while in eleven of them more than fifty per cent. were getting less than $5 a week, in five others, making substantially the same grade of goods, there was not one single person getting less than $5 a week. A great many workers are at the mercy of unscrupulous and cruel employers. The Minimum Wage would set free the good employer as over against the unscrupulous employer—just when a man is trying to get ahead, to build up his business, where it is fatally easy to put on the screws at the bottom of the wage scale, with no standard of wages to withstand the cupidity of the unscrupulous.

There are what we call partially parasitic industries, which pay less than a living wage to a large number of their employes. Where less than a living wage is paid, the worker must receive support from other sources, and there is the invitation to vice. The fallacy has become rooted in our minds that every working woman has some man somewhere to support her, some father, brother, relatives. Quite the reverse of that is often the case. There are a vast number of working mothers who not only have no one to support them but who have a flock of little children themselves to support, or some one who is incapacitated,—father, brother, sister. Now if there is any industry that must remain parasitic, or partially parasitic, which cannot pay its workers eighteen years of age a living wage, then I should say that community was best off where that industry did not exist.

The question has been raised as to whether, under the present system, the minimum wage is constitutional. In any case, that is not an argument against the minimum wage, and it will not dissuade anybody from the belief that the minimum wage is a good thing in itself. It is intended to discourage people from advocating it. Not so long ago limiting the hours of women's labor was considered unconstitutional. Then appeared Josephine Goldmark's wonderful book, "Fatigue and Efficiency," and its standpoint was reinforced by the able brief of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis. Now the legal mind has veered around on that matter and its attitude is completely changed. So, if it can be proven that the minimum wage is not unreasonable and not arbitrary and for the best interests of the community, there is no reason why it should not be declared constitutional.

Another point to which I would like to call particular attention is the great responsibility which the public has for the condition in which boys and girls enter industry, when they leave our public educational institutions. There is no question, I think, but that our whole system of instruction is dominated by the university at the top, and that from the kindargarten upwards children are directed along channels shaped by the university. The vast majority fall out by the way, and drop into industry hopelessly unprepared. Fifty per cent. of the workers of America, as stated above, are unskilled, and not all the gold of the Klondike and of South Africa combined can possibly represent the unused and unutilized wealth there is in the hands and brains of these workers. Yet America allows its children to go unskilled into industry, and that charge is directly upon the public schools. These children lack power to do anything. Year after year, as I attend the graduating exercises of the children in the public

schools—and they are beautiful, for children are always beautiful—I am depressed with the thought of those little boys and girls passing out into industry at their age. They are so helpless.

Only this morning I stopped for a second to talk to a little boy whose father was recently killed in an accident. In his coat the boy had the pin of a high school class, first year. He told me that he was fourteen. When I expressed the hope that he would go on and finish his course at the High School, a really wistful look came into his face, and he said: "No, I have to go to work now." Think of that little chap going into industry, turning a wistful face toward the learning of the world that will forever be denied him.

I knew a woman who took in washing to send her child through the public schools. One day I said to her, "I have a job for your son." She took her hands out of the soapsuds where they were most of the day and answered proudly: "I thank you very much, but for the last five years I have been trying to put the boy through the public school. I guess I can take in washing for a couple of years more until he gets out of the school." The poor trust the schools, and the schools fail to give the children hand and brains, knowledge with which to protect themselves, and faculty with which to serve the community.

Then consider the ideals of work which we give to the rich and poor alike. When I asked one boy what he thought was a good job, he replied, "One where you sit down a good deal." I spoke to a little youngster the other day who was very earnestly reading the Gettysburg Speech. I asked him who Lincoln was.—"He was a great man." I continued to question him, and asked why he was a great man. The answer came quite readily: "He was a poor boy who became President and freed the

slaves." "Who were the slaves?"—"Niggers." "Should negroes be free?"—"No."

What we call the education of children fails to produce the invaluable things—the power to work, to create, to have ideals. Fathers and mothers who want to do the very best they can for their children fail tragically in this, and I know of no other such sad failure unless it is the failure of teachers. They fail to leave the imprint of fine things. They teach children the fear of poverty, but not the power of unselfish doing. We think because we do not teach children any more about Hell and the Devil that their minds are not being corrupted, and made superstitious, poor and mean: but they are. I am not talking Socialism, but something far deeper than that. I refer to the attitude toward material things, making *them* the criterion, and implanting that attitude in the children, which is the sin of the world, as I see it.

You know that figure of the working-mother (to me the most pathetic of all) who drudges all day long, and does much of the hardest labor in the world. Such a woman attended our mothers' meeting the other night after she had been at work all day, though she hurried home to do washing for a neighbor in the night to make a few extra pennies. She is bringing up a large family, and doing it very well. Yet these women are weak, and the battle is hard.

I have in mind a woman whose husband was deported because he had consumption. Alone in this country with her children to support, she was distraught. For a time, in the effort to keep her home together, she fell into evil ways, but when the chance offered just to work at decent wages, she was eager to leave all that, and to work as only a working woman does, so she could have her children. Besides the mother there is the boy and girl, but for the

girl it is much harder, for the reasons I have given. The girls work heroically in factories and shops, falling by the wayside sometimes, sometimes in sickness, and sometimes in sin.

I read in those reports of a working girl, seventeen years of age, a mother in a Rescue Home. She was glad to work there because her sister had taken the babe, and she could now live on the wage she could earn. Another girl in the same home had been in "the life," and had left it because her brother, whom she had been supporting, had died, and now she could live on the wages she could earn. The same story is often told—I was tired and discouraged—I was worn out—I was sick of it all. One girl, after she had mended her shoes three times and had no money to buy new ones, sold out for a pair of shoes. No legislation on commercialized vice of which I have ever heard will touch the class in danger. Europe has found out how utterly impossible it is, by legislation on the subject of commercialized vice, to touch the question of health and disease.

I want to say a word about the girl or woman who is trying to rehabilitate herself, to struggle out of sin into a decent life, but who cannot earn enough to live on. I say, put a plank under her feet of decent wages, and, through education, give her a chance to stand there. And there is also a wide class of people who are not engaged in commercialized vice whom the Minimum Wage would help more than anything else.

Wages then is one of the real elements in social reform. Who is to blame for present conditions? It is very hard to fix the responsibility, but I think no one can say that he is without sin. There are sins of omission as well as commission. It is not alone the people who pay the starvation wages, but the people who do not try to

abolish them. There is a perfectly astonishing amount of wilful ignorance. There is the employer—on the side of personal morality, generous and good—walking there among a host of girls whose life he can hardly help but know, yet he says: "I am not responsible; I have not done these things."

I quote from Lincoln and from the Bible when I say: For evil needs must come, but woe to him by whom evil cometh; woe to the employer and to the community; woe to the North and to the South, and to the seller and the buyer, by whom the evil cometh! We cannot escape responsibility. And sins of omission help to bring about this unspeakable evil.

Yet the light is dawning, and we do see the possibility of a new world; we do see the possibility for better human conditions in the world, for you and me and for these people we are talking about. The light is beginning to dawn, and when we see things as they are we shall see that the poor wetches on the street are bound and connected with priest and with president in the warp and woof of life; that there are inexorable bonds of fate between the highest and the lowest of our nation. When we realize this we shall catch something of that vision that was in the souls of the Bible prophets, and those of our nation who have seen the meaning of this world, its glory and its shame; and then we shall become part of that force in the world that is moving to make the vision a reality.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DISAPPOINTED SOUL*

By George E. O'Dell.

The other day a man lay under sentence of death. Prolonged jealousy had led up to a burst of violent passion; he had thrust a knife into the object of his rage, and now he had to pay the penalty of a life for a life. But in his overwrought mind the madness of jealousy had been succeeded by the madness of terror. So abject was his condition that it was clear he could not be taken from his cell to the place of execution without writhing and shrieking by the way. But civilization has reached a point where, in the execution of a man, it is before all things necessary that there shall be decency and order; there must be no "scene." It was suggested that the man be chloroformed; but the lawyers could find no mention of anæsthetics in the penal code. A criminal may, however, have pleasant things for his last meal—why not give the man unlimited whisky? Then the local Women's Temperance Society intervened.

But need I continue the sordid story? The important point about it is that it did not appear to occur to the responsible people of the community to ask whether a man in such a state of mind ought to be executed at all. Yet did not this man deserve pity both for his cowardice (we have all been cowards in our time!) and for the gnawing passion of jealousy which drove him to his crime. To know all, certainly, is not to ignore all; pity itself cannot let the offender go free. But pity sees that thwarted desire is a tragic thing, and it insists upon two things—one, that in the particular case punishment shall be an effort

*An address before the New York and Philadelphia Ethical Societies.

towards a new reconciliation with life; the other, that in dealing with wrong-doing prevention is better than cure. In the case of any criminal of passion (unless he be, indeed, radically unsound), may it not have happened that society has somehow failed from the beginning to provide him with alternative interests in life, watchful friends, many social holds to combat the possible promptings of an embittered will.

There are three main sorts of suffering, and they vary in their effect upon the soul. Physical suffering has turned many a man into a saint. The sufferer to-day, moreover, may know that disease is conquerable; grievous though his own fate may be, the world is increasingly eager to help him to bear it, and also to save countless unborn thousands from suffering in the same way. Secondly, there is remorse for sin. But remorse implies an ideal; and all religions teach that a man can always begin a fresh pursuit of the ideal. There is rarely remorse without some glimmering of hope, and the remorse itself is a means towards mending.

The third kind of suffering is disappointment—thwarted ambition or affection, hopelessness of realizing ideals, loss of faith in one's capacities. Disappointment changes all life into a dull grey; it is a prime source of callousness, cynicism, alienation from one's fellows, the turning for forgetfulness to the deadly nepenthe of phvsical excess.

What message has a purely humanist view of life for the disappointed soul The question is urgent. Supernaturalistic religion has generally deferred the problem, giving a promise of future bliss; but to those who see in this life the only real or certain scene of action there must come an overwhelming pity for warped and thwarted lives, and a passionate sense of responsibility for seeing that during the course of this known existence no life shall be cast to the void.

In dealing with this problem nothing can be gained by minimizing it. On the contrary, once we commit ourselves to the modern policy of prevention, everything is to be gained by setting the question out in its most imposing form. We have begun to answer it the moment we realize that we have not to deal only with a rare or isolated trouble. If we could all uncover our experience, we should find, perhaps with surprise, that the problem of the disappointed soul is in a minor way the problem of almost every man that is born into this world. As Professor James happily put it: "Either a man's ideals in the line of his achievements are pitched far higher than the achievements themselves, or else he has secret ideals of which the world knows nothing, and in regard to which he inwardly knows himself to be found wanting."

But not only is disappointment in this mild and even useful form a permanent factor in life, so that we might say that no man is worth much who is without his private discontent; disappointment in the bitter and cruel form is more common than may be supposed. Great numbers of us have been "disappointed souls"—and got over it. If we analyze the common experience, we shall better understand the malady with which we have to deal. Let us take the word "malady" literally; a flood of light will be thrown on the subject if we note a striking fact about medical science. The modern doctor is almost diabolically skilful, yet he tends more and more to acknowledge that Nature's organic agents are the real means of cure, that the knife must not be used if, instead, Nature can be induced to perform her functions, and that *materia medica* is but means of enabling her to do her work.

Now the study of disappointment shows that Nature is at work here also; natural causes produce it, natural causes under normal conditions will remove it; our task

in devising a therapeutics of the soul is to find out what Nature does and help her to do it.

One of the first revelations that growth brings to us is the revelation of individuality. "I am I" is a startling conception; apparently I am a unique thing in the midst of a more or less alien world. Much of childhood and a great part of adolescence are devoted to discovering the possibilities of the "I," and setting up ideals, based on crude experience, of what the "I" is to do and enjoy. Hardly ever are the ideals of youth quite the same as those of maturity; they are intensely personal, often vainglorious, nearly always beyond attainment. The affections develop, and their objects also assume a largely unreal uniqueness. This period of self-centred growth may pass quickly into maturity, or it may last; many a man of forty is still only a belated adolescent, full of crude dreams and desires, and with rude awakenings still before him. But the discarding of crude ideals is a natural characteristic of maturity. Which of us has not known disillusionment? There was only one fate tolerable to us, one person with whom life could possibly be worth living, one niche worth attaining to—perhaps in the Cabinet, or on the Bench, or in an editor's chair. Life industriously knocks all these dreams on the head. There is not always room at the top, or our talent is not of the desired kind, or the idolized person, probably wholly unsuitable to our temperament, prefers somebody else. Meanwhile, out of our widening knowledge of life has arisen a second revelation, at first less pleasant than the previous one. "I" may be "I," but the rest of mankind are hardly different from me; that is to say, I am very little different from them, I share the common wants, weaknesses, illusions, disillusions, limitations. And there are many persons much more competent and appreciated. The hardest lesson most of us have to

learn in life is that which Mr. E. F. Benson has expressed in a perfect phrase —to "acquiesce in our own limitations." Yet until we have done this there can be but little peace. Human nature develops at a tremendous pace from the simple world of childhood to the complex world of maturity; it is no wonder that there are these moral growing-pains by the way, and that often the process halts breathless and forgets awhile to continue to the end.

In that second revelation, however, is already the first instalment of the means of cure. As the "I" sinks into its proper place, other souls increase in interest. So do all the other experiences of our life as distinguished from the mere pictured anticipations of raw youth. There are other lovable personalities besides that one and only affinity; or, if we have married, and find we are linked to a personality other than we expected, the real character may, after all, prove more worthy of affection than the idealized character we had set up as an object of worship. There comes to us, in fact, a third revelation, rarely expressed, it may be, in words, but woven into the texture of our life —the things which remain to us have a worth fully sufficient to justify our existence and our effort. In being a faithful husband, a kind father, a true friend, an honest worker, a good citizen, there is involved a series of ideals high enough, difficult enough, and also satisfying enough, for a man's life, even though it should happen that in the line of self-realization through work and the attainment of position, his ambitions must be curtailed or altered.

Just as the way out of adolescent doubt is most often by the re-thinking of the teachings of childhood in new terms, less grotesquely literal, and more spiritual, so the way out of the disappointments of youth and early manhood is most often by transforming self-centred ideals into ideals in which the self seeks ends other than its own glorifica-

tion. The o'erleaping energy of youth is turned into the day's work. Thwarted affection, again, finds a new, probably more fitting object, or it is turned into service of the ailing, the old, the child. In work and in service the self forgets its wounds, and, when it has returned to health, finds itself on a new and higher plane. Further than this, though our own vanity be roughly checked, the great things in the world will get done—the Bench will not lack judges, nor the *Times* an editor. Although we may have to settle down as plodding followers in the causes in which we had expected to lead, still the merest fool can at least carry a banner; and when the vulgar "I" has found its level, the carrying of a banner (in a high wind) may reveal surprising possibilities of joy.

Nor is this all. There is a fourth truth which experience beats out for us and presents for our healing. We find that disappointment itself is not without its worth. Pleasure (says Spinoza) is an affection whereby we pass to a greater perfection; pain is an affection whereby we pass to a lesser perfection. When a man has got past his disillusions, and is living in warm contact with the realities of life, he may see, on looking back, many experiences that he would not willingly go through afresh; but he will not say that these have brought him no gain. Many of the most precious parts of his character—patience, forbearance, true self-poise, above all the sympathetic understanding of the difficulties of others—he has won out of his own troubles; he has gained some solid grace of character for each thing that he has had to give up.

Here, then, we have Nature's way. To bring it about that there shall be a minimum of souls finally disappointed, we have to see that Nature is given every opportunity to succeed. Why does she often fail? Let us again note that dissatisfaction with life, whether it last or not, nearly

always sets in in youth; and, further, that it persists more often with women than with men. Youth is more than an age, and women are more than a sex; both are also social classes, and, as such, subject to specific environments. The influences pressing continually upon either of these classes can aggravate its maladies, but can also be modified towards both prevention and cure. There is a demand today that young people should learn more about their bodies; it is quite as urgent that they shall be told scientific truths about their souls. The invalid who knows that ninety-nine per cent. of sufferers from his ailment get over it, will help by his anticipation towards his own quick recovery. The young man who knows the natural sequence in the growth of the soul may not be saved his growing-pains, but he will more readily be persuaded "to labor and to wait." Still more will his moral health be preserved if those about him are aware of these facts of the soul, and know how to help him in formulating a rational scheme of life—and when to leave him alone.

There is another and even more important method of approach. Where early interests have been few, and the whole culture of the mind has been narrow, if one source of content with life should fail, how handicapped is the soul in its often blind groping for a new reconciliation with life! But, if some shock comes, those who have early touched life at many points and found it good, who have exercised their mind in many of its powers and found them all sources of satisfaction, will most readily recover. Here is to be found a chief cause of the special liability of women to remain embittered if early desires are thwarted. If a woman's affections are not returned, what is she to do? Not all disappointed women can take to nursing, or throw their whole life into the care of an ailing mother, or tending someone else's child! And yet absorbing work

is what they need. A man becomes engrossed in his work; a woman's work, as often as not, is so mechanical that it accentuates rather than dulls her pain. The tradition for women is to love and be loved, and to come by their living in that way. In their early life this outlook is so forced upon them that no other seems to have much significance. Until women have as many interests in life as men, as varied a culture, as many chances of intelligent service, they will still provide the great majority of persistently disappointed souls. Work worthy to be done, and a means of invigoration to the mind, is the sovereign healer of all ills. If yours is a disappointed soul, get work! Life was not made for you, but you for life!

But work and service are not the only means of reconciliation with life. Certain others are beautifully typified by three figures which at different times have been set up towards the western end of one of the great highways of London. Over the Oratory of St. Philip Neri is the figure of the Virgin, with bent head and outstretched arms, calling the populace to partake of the consolations of the Church. Another is the proud, erect, crowned figure which surmounts the dome of "London's Treasure House" —Humanity creative, the dreamer and maker of beautiful things. The third, fitly taken from a pagan source, is the Praying Boy; standing over the portal of the great Natural History Museum, he gives thanks to the gods for the manifold wonders of life.

When men or women become soured and cynical, conscious only that fate has refused them what they wanted, it is clear that they have never been awakened to other things of worth in life. But this should not have been. Society has the paramount duty of making life from the first a thing of infinitely varied interest and worth to all its members. We must demand economic reforms in

order to free all men and women from unnecessary drudgery and soul-destroying physical fatigue, and real educational reforms which will give the teacher due time and opportunity to inspire in the child a reverent eagerness for knowledge of the marvellous world which is its home, and a proud appreciation of the triumphs of art, such as may outlast school-age and be an abiding possession. The child must learn the dignity of the maker of noble things, and share the grateful awe inspired by natural phenomena in the Greek Boy. But most significant of all is that figure with the beseeching arms. For, think of it how we will, it stands for the beneficence of human fellowship. Men and women go to the Church for consolation and the renewal of strength, go to commune with God the Father, Mary the Mother, and Christ the Friend. Not as metaphysical abstractions are these conceived, when solace is to be gained, but as warm, living ideals, visioned by each man as his need dictates. They may have no existence outside of human consciousness, and yet they are beneficent, because they are actual ideals in a man's own heart, built upon his experience of fatherhood, motherhood, and comradeship as actual facts in human life. The wounded soul looks upon these sources of inspiration and new strength as outward, non-human beings, because it has been taught to objectify its needs in this especial way, and also because it all too rarely finds the healing qualities in its contact with the men and women around. But why need this be? In no small measure it occurs because society itself has assumed the functions of fellowship to be the special business of almighty beings, and Churches have specifically taught men not to put their trust in Man. Belief in such almighty beings is decaying, but the functions supposed to be theirs become only the more urgently functions of men.

We must therefore make a further imperative demand —that religious organizations shall force upon the attention of all, from the child up, that it is in the power of the human heart itself, far more than it has yet tried, to be the Father, the Mother, the Friend. What man, in some trouble, has met with the help of a true friend, and has not in the infinite relief of his heart had the experience therein of meeting God? What man who, pitying, understanding, unselfishly helping some broken life, has not himself, unknowing, been the Blessed Christ? To the enthusiasm for knowledge and the enthusiasm for beauty must be added the enthusiasm for human goodness, manifesting itself as protecting love and helpful comradeship, always watchful that none stumble or lose their way, or that if any fall they be quickly set on their feet again. Every actively unselfish personality in a man's environment, often even by its presence alone, is a source of help, shaming egotism and discontent, helping him to possess and discipline his soul till he asks no more than life will let him win.

When men through unbelief or the decay of ecclesiasticism drift out of churches, they lose touch with the sanative influence of human fellowship in one of its most necessary forms. But fellowship must be saved to continue its indispensable humanizing work; there should be no man who does not consciously belong to a spiritual group. We need Churches that shall not be mere schools of naïve metaphysical doctrine, but shall be wholly human and ethical in their tests for membership and in their work, so that no member of the community shall be left without the beneficent helpfulness of moral fellowship, as one essential means of preventing and curing disappointment of the soul.

THE ULTIMATE LOYALTIES*

By Horace J. Bridges.

Having previously† subjected to a somewhat ruthless criticism the contribution made to theology by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I now gladly take occasion to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for the picture-language in which the thought of the present discourse is embodied. In his little book on Robert Browning he has formulated an opinion about women which, whether sound or not in that application, is certainly true of himself. A woman, he there says in effect, makes her greatest contribution to the life of humanity not so much by what she does as by what she is. Mr. Chesterton, by simply being himself, renders perhaps a greater service to us in these desponding days than by any one, or even by all, of his special literary achievements. His moral sanity, his instinctive joy in life, his power to appreciate the familiar, his refusal to submit to the insidious fatalism which men have first read into the world and afterwards deduced from it as an inevitable condition of human life—all these qualities, which grow more precious as they grow more rare, are found in surging abundance in the personality of Mr. Chesterton. I owe to him a new encouragement, a reinforcement of my own temperamental zest in life; a kind of debt that I am conscious of owing pre-eminently to Professor Henri Bergson, but to few other contemporary writers.

*A discourse delivered before the Chicago Ethical Society on the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day, November 23, 1913

†Vide "Ethical Addresses," vol. xxi, number 2, pp. 21-24 (October, 1913.)

One's appreciation of Mr. Chesterton is doubtless enhanced by the rarity in our time of such temperaments as his. Professor Eucken has well defined this age as one of unprecedented material richness coupled with unprecedented spiritual sterility. Our outlook will remain bleak and forbidding unless we can somehow reintroduce into life the sense of a common ideal goal, and, by deduction therefrom, the sense of community of purpose and of infinite and eternal significance in human striving. And this new sense of the authority of the universal goal over the individual will must be consonant with the view of the world which modern philosophy is elaborating, and with the ever-multiplying data supplied by science—consonant with the sense of man's autonomy, with democracy in the widest range of its meaning, and with the hope of a spiritual perfection to be attained in and through human striving itself.

I do not hesitate to declare that the dominant need of the age is for a new religious synthesis. This may not be what people consciously want. There is only too often a great gulf fixed between what people want and what they need; and the practice of pandering to "what the public wants" rather than supplying what it needs, is responsible for a huge proportion of the vulgarity and squalor in our modern life. Never shall we attain to true civilization until those whose function it is to serve the public in any fashion, learn to take frankly the attitude of the physician, who never for one moment permits the conscious wants of his patients to deflect him from his duty of prescribing what he knows they need.

Nowhere to-day do we find an interpretation of life in its entirety and in its unity, an expression of the universal goal of existence, an orientation of the mind and will of man towards an end at once imperative and alluring in

its majesty and sanctity, such as the human spirit fundamentally needs. It is true that in those churches which continue the traditions of the Middle Ages a synthesis is still offered which assumes to satisfy this deep and universal demand of the soul; but even for millions of the people who still conform to the doctrines and disciplines of those historic institutions, the old power of the synthesis has passed away. The Church of Rome, ostensibly the stronghold of immutable stability, nominally changeless in faith and polity, has lived, as every student of history must know, only by changing—only by that series of adaptations to varying circumstance which is the very condition of continuous life. The movement within the Roman Church called Modernism proves that the thoughtful minority within that Church is today insisting upon the necessity of precisely such a reinterpretation of life and destiny, of the power in man and the universe which makes for salvation, as we in the Ethical Movement are attempting to beat out from the rugged material of experience.

If this be true of the august Church which boasts its eternal self-identity, how much more plainly is it true of the other Christian denominations, orthodox and heterodox, all of which are historically but fragments detached from the massive bulk of the older body. The need which inspired the foundation of the Ethical Movement has risen or is rising into consciousness in every religious society within the pale of nominal Christendom. It is not merely that the churches are here and there casting off single dogmas; it is not that they are adding to their old theological and eternal interests a new interest in things social and secular; it is that a subtle but radical transmutation is taking place within the very central stronghold of faith and devotion. The churches are reinterpreting not

merely the doctrines which express man's relation to God, but God himself. It is no exaggeration to say that the supreme object of worship in Christian congregations to-day is conceived in a manner totally different from that in which it was envisaged by those same churches less than a hundred years ago. And what is true of the Christian world holds equally of modern Judaism.

The nature of this change in the idea of God is instructive and encouraging to those of us who welcome this new movement of the spirit of man. It is a transition from a God external to man and the universe to a God identical with the fundamental will of man, and with all those forces of the world of experience which are or can be made auxiliary to the actualization of human ideals. It is a change from a God whose providence was arbitrary, discontinuous, and incalculable, to a God whose providence has all the regularity and continuity of natural laws when controlled by the human will for beneficent ends. It is a change from a God whose power was infinite and omnipresent to a God whose power is finite, and practically co-extensive only with the range of human vision and vigilance. To-day we find that even the churches whose formal doctrines proclaim the old God affirm by implication, and by the nature of their activities, that their faith reposes in fact on a God who, because He is manifested only through human instrumentalities, is virtually asleep when men are asleep, in a journey when men are in a journey, and must be importuned and coerced into beneficent activity. In other words, we find the God-idea to-day becoming essentially humanistic, democratic, and ethical. The living conscience of humanity is God; and religion is ceasing to be distressed by the insolubility of the metaphysical problem as to the possible relation between the good in man and some ultra-human goodness.

This new synthesis, in which, as many of us believe, are contained the roots of a new and towering inspiration for idealistic effort, the seeds of a life-enhancing joy to unnumbered generations, has as yet risen above the threshold of consciousness only in a tiny minority of mankind. For the mass of men, the dominant note of the age is one of conscious discouragement at the weakening of the old inspirations. They find themselves in the presence of an apparent conflict between truth and truth; there seems no bond of connection between the successive activities of their own lives, much less between those of the hundred million lives which at present constitute this nation, or between the various nations of the world. The common mood, accordingly, is one in which pessimism finds a ready hearing. Groping as we are in all directions for means of escape from the patternless maze of appearances, we turn a ready ear to any promise of deliverance.

It is not without significance that in our days, for the first time, missionaries of Buddhism are entering Europe and America, and establishing societies devoted to the cult of the Noble Eightfold Path which leads to the Nirvana of passionless extinction. Men feel that the bells of life are jangled, that the music of humanity is hopelessly and forever out of key, that the world is hostile to man, that his ideals are illusory and their pursuit the path to a frustration and despair which the gods will greet only with Mephistophelean laughter. The only course for a reflecting man seems therefore to banish from life all hope of moral achievement, to relinquish the will to live, to make one final and sovereign act of self-renunciation—not as a means to an end beyond, but as a means of extinguishing the flames of the racial will which burns within. This is a note which, from the days of Schopen-

hauer until now, has resounded almost continuously through the symphony of thought. On the other hand, our occasional bursts of so-called optimism are apt to glow with a hectic flush which denotes unsoundness within. Witness Metchnikoff's cult of longevity, with no promise of qualitative improvement of life; and the delirious affirmation of the will-to-power in Nietzsche, with its contented acceptance of helotage for the mass of mankind as the inexorable condition of a satisfying life for the few who, by audacious self-election, may proclaim themselves Supermen, or ancestors of the Superman.

At such a juncture of affairs comes Mr. Chesterton, uttering his healthy revolutionary platitude. The chapter on "The Flag of the World," in his book entitled "Orthodoxy," is but a statement of what to normal human instinct is self-evident. Yet to one long pent in the dreary materialism of the school of Haeckel, long vexed and tired by the alternate insanities of Nietzsche and of a pessimism less frigid to hope than Metchnikoff's optimism, the Chestertonian platitude comes like the fresh breeze of morning. His statement is briefly this,—that the loyalty we owe to life is not and cannot be a conditional one. A dweller from another planet, bringing with him full-grown powers of rational judgment and moral discrimination not themselves begotten of this world, might balance this world's goods against its ills, might work a neat arithmetical sum to decide whether the advantages of earthly existence outweigh its disadvantages. A man choosing between lodging-houses at Brighton may balance the advantage of a telephone against the disadvantage of the absence of a sea-view. But none of us stands or can stand in any such critical attitude towards the universe.

The reason why we cannot do so is because we are com-

mitted to life long before our powers of choice and judgment have developed. It is customary in the English army, when a recruit offers himself and is accepted, to give him a shilling, as a pledge of his acceptance by the army and of his loyalty to it. Once he has taken "the King's shilling," he is committed to the army. Henceforth he may not question its reason for existence. In any criticism which he may subsequently pass, the acceptance of its main ends is presupposed. Whether it is worth while to have an army or not, is not for him an open question.

Now, we men and women have all "taken the shilling" from humanity before we are spiritually born. We received benefits from the universe, without our choice, before we began to think of serving the flag of the world. Each of us has incurred a mountainous debt which the devotion of no single lifetime can discharge. Even when we judge the world, we do so in virtue of a capacity transmitted to us from sources older and deeper than ourselves. We think of our mature powers as the resultant of our own thirty or forty years of individual life; but in this we are mistaken. The ripe fruit of your judgment, the fine flower of your moral discernment—these things are the outgrowth of seeds planted by the forces of life before primitive man knew his right hand from his left.

The smaller loyalties of life may indeed be conditional. You are quite right to say that you will remain in your club, in your political party, in your professional society, only so long as these stand for what you can conscientiously approve. But the major loyalties—your loyalty to your family, to your country, to humanity—these are unconditional. You cannot desert your nation because you think it contains more of evil than of good; that is the ultimate reason for remaining true to it—in order that

you may increase its good. If you forsake your family because its escutcheon is tarnished, you sound the bottom depths of snobbery, and your action besmirches its name more than any other stain could do. And to pass a verdict of general condemnation upon mankind because you think its history a record of vain pursuits and dreary frustrations, or because you think its future no more fraught with promise than its past, and on the strength of such a verdict to desert "the flag of the world"—to say that you will tolerate what remains to you of life, but that you would be glad to escape from such a welter of vanities and insanities—this were indeed the ultimate sin.

It is a sin rooted in individualism. Such a criticism of life affirms by implication that the critic is self-created, self-sufficient, and external to that which he judges. This falsity, moreover, lies at the root of optimism, as well as of pessimism. There is as much error in a conditional acceptance of the world as in a conditional rejection of it. A single false premise, as we all know, will vitiate the whole chain of reasoning dependent upon it. Now the whole argument of optimism—or, for that matter, of pessimism—may follow with irresistible and relentless logic from this ultimate and undisclosed premise; but the moment you unearth the premise its falsity stands revealed, and no amount of reasonableness in the subsequent argument can possibly reconcile you to it. We are committed to life; *the very capacity in us which seeks to judge it is but one of its gifts to us.* If in this matter we seek to extirpate the primal instinct of loyalty, we use our reason anti-rationally, and embark on an argument whose conclusion is collective suicide.

The ultimate loyalties, as Mr. Chesterton reminds us, are not begotten of reasons; they are the begetters of reasons. Ethics, like metaphysics, must set out from some

independent and self-evident principle. When a woman loves a man, when a parent loves a child, then the goodness of the man and the child, if they are good, may serve as a reason for the love; but if they are bad, that fact will equally well function as an even stronger reason for an even greater love. The love in either case is prior to the reason, and will remain steadfast even though no earthly reason be assignable for it.

In the perception that *the universe of spiritual existence produces not only its goods and ills, but also the ideal standards in us which pass judgment upon them,* lies, I suppose, so far as moral logic is concerned, the strongest answer that can be given to the pessimist. Reality cannot be incurably ill if one of its aspects is the white light and heat of the pessimist's indignation with that ill. Only that idolatry which refuses to worship a true God unless he can be shown to be not only all-good but all-powerful, will withdraw its allegiance to the universe because it finds evil apparently triumphant. Though all the true gods were crucified, the place of the cosmic patriot would still be at the foot of the cross. The virtue which, when disgusted, would forsake them and flee, would be but an added vice, a base surrender to the evil against which even pessimism itself is a protest.

I have only one word of criticism to pass upon Mr. Chesterton's characterization of this great primary and unconditional loyalty which, as he says, we owe to life. He speaks of it as *unreasonable* and as *supernatural.* But to state that a given form of loyalty is pre-rational or extra-rational is not to say that it is irrational. Mr. Chesterton here falls into the error of those who declare the forces of nature immoral. The earthquake and the fire are external to the category of moral and immoral. Nature's sub-human forces are non-moral; which means

that they are no more immoral than they are moral. Anybody who called a volcano, for example, wicked, would immediately realize the absurdity of the characterization.

Now, there is an analogous absurdity in calling our loyalty to life irrational. It can be neither rational nor irrational, because it is pre-rational and extra-rational. Again, to call it supernatural is a misleading and at bottom a discouraging use of terms. If the thing be supernatural, what is the use of appealing to men to cultivate in themselves a power thus explicitly declared to lie beyond their control? But the blunder of using the term "supernatural" becomes evident the moment we remember that the loyalty in question is *instinctive*. It springs, that is to say, from the very roots of our nature. If there could be degrees of naturalness—if one fact could be more natural than another—we might rightly declare that the ultimate and unconditional loyalty of life to life, of individuals to the species, of men to Man and to the cosmic forces which converge in humanity, is the most natural of all natural things. It is no more supernatural than is the dependence of the branch upon the tree whence comes the "urgent sap" which is its life. For we men and women are no more self-created, no more isolated or self-sufficient, than the leaves and the twigs and the branches. Life is one vast growth, from roots to us invisible, rising into visibility as a unity, ramifying into a manifoldness and diversity bewildering beyond all imagination, and yet, in all its diversity, still proclaiming its unity and the utter interdependence of all its forms.

Such being the undeniable fact, it must follow that all conditional loyalty and all conditional disloyalty to life—all saying "I approve life because it is good," or "I disapprove life because it is evil"—are but refusals to play

the game according to rules laid down in our own nature. It is, in other words, the refusal to be oneself, to be human. You cannot thus deny yourself. You cannot jump out of your skin. You cannot say, "My ideal is too high for this universe," because your ideal is a part of this universe. Neither can you say, "I will accept life because I think it good," for in so speaking you imply an exteriority of yourself to life which is an individualistic illusion.

The true attitude of man towards life is well expressed in a healthy old story on which, in my day, all English boys were brought up; I mean Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" After the good ship *Rose* has fought her desperate action with the *Madre Dolorosa,* when she is lying, victorious but crippled, on the waters of the Spanish Main, the men, wounded, athirst, and weary to death, are grumbling and collapsing; and even the buoyant lieutenant, Will Cary, shares in the peevishness and sullenness of the reaction. When he too grumbles, the brave Captain Amyas reproaches him as follows: "Will, Will, what did God make you a gentleman for, but to know better than those poor fickle fellows forward, who blow hot and cold at every change of weather?" That is the iron string to which every human heart should vibrate. Let us leave both whinings and animal satisfactions to our poor relations in the great family of life. Why have the ultimate forces made us gentlemen, if we are to howl at the world for not making us happy?

Man is the aristocrat of the universe. On him has life with prodigal hand heaped all its richest favors. What treason, then, for him to criticise his heritage, except for the purpose of improving it! He can neither grumble at his patrimony nor enjoy its products in idle self-indulgence. He is the trustee of an entailed estate. He is to discharge the duties which condition his privileges—to de-

velop and improve the estate in order that he may transmit it richer and more fruitful to the next possessor.

Our position in life, I repeat, is that of soldiers already enlisted in an army. Before and after battle, criticism from a soldier, if it be intended to encourage the others and to render the army more efficient, is in order; but the soldier who, when the enemy is at hand, says, "This is a vile army," or "This flag is not worth fighting for," deserves to be shot as a traitor. Now the battle of life is perpetual. The enemy is always at hand—within as well as around us. And pessimism, or even an optimism which implies that if the world had a surplus of evil we should then have a right to reject it, are but superfluous encouragements to an enemy only too vigilant and too powerful already.

The individualistic illusion which comes so naturally to us leads us inevitably to seek our self-realization in paths that can never attain it. Hence springs that blind striving after happiness, conceived in terms of sense enjoyment, the futility of which, wherever it appears, has furnished themes for the moralist in all ages. And however subtilized and refined, however it be translated into terms of intellectual or æsthetic enjoyment, this desire is still as widely astray from the true mark as in its most primitive animal form. The pursuit of happiness for its own sake is as vain as the pursuit of the rainbow. Like the rainbow, happiness is a by-product of activities subservient to other ends.

Not less delusive and vain is the thirst for knowledge for its own sake. Even knowledge, sought as an end in itself, can never satisfy human nature, for human nature is made for something else. So true is the old proverb which affirms that the end of man is an action, and not a thought. Science never sprang from mere desire for

knowledge. Philosophy to-day is re-affirming the noble thought of Bacon, that the true function of knowledge is an instrumental one. Not for the sake of knowing, not for the sake of contemplating the laws of mind objectified in outward nature, should we strive to know; but that our knowledge may constitute "a rich storehouse for the relief of man's estate."

Service, then, is the clue to the labyrinth of life. Only by giving yourself to the good of others can you attain self-realization. Only by voluntarily losing happiness can you find it. You are to fight for the flag, to maintain the honor of the regiment, to give yourself for others—and this by way of devotion not so much to individuals as to the whole, to all rather than to each. There is a latent falsehood in the opposition of altruism to egoism. We err by seeking the good of individuals distributively. We should rather seek to serve the individual as the embodiment and manifestation of the universal spiritual life of humanity, for it is this universal life which is the only unfailing object of man's devotion. Neither should we seek merely to give happiness to others. Happiness we may indeed strive to confer; but, since happiness is not a satisfactory end in itself for individuals to seek, neither is it an adequate goal for those who are seeking the service of others. As Professor Adler has finely expressed it, we are to seek to release in others that which is in them unique, distinctive, and divine. The only real self-fulfillment for the human spirit consists in moral perfection; but because the life of man is through and through social, because individuality itself is a social product, we cannot attain moral perfection for ourselves except in and through a service of others, the purpose of which is the actualizing in them of their latent moral perfection.

Such a doctrine has by some critics been declared to catch us up in an endless chain, perpetually revolving The individual, they say, is to find his self-fulfillment through the will to serve—and this is to express itself in eliciting in others that same will. It is even so. The criticism is but a statement of an ultimate fact, which we must accept. Since my nature is identical with that of all mankind, since what in me is personal is also universal, it must be that that which entirely satisfies the deepest yearnings of my soul will also be the only source of unfailing satisfaction to others. The perfect society of our dreams is a society in which the will to serve is fully conscious and dominant in every one of its members, and in which each seeks the perfect life of all through service to the perfect life in each.

The search for self-fulfillment, first blindly through happiness, then through knowledge, then at last, with open eye, through devotion to the universal good—this is the Faust-problem and the Faust-solution. First through self-indulgence, following the false marsh-light of the Mephistophelean prompting, Faust seeks the satisfaction of his deepest cravings. Failing here, he turns to knowledge—to the world of the occult; and the same inevitable disappointment awaits him. At last we find him, old and blind, but with the inner light now effectively kindled, contentedly devoting himself to the draining of marshes for the benefit of peasants. Only then is he able to hail the moment fleeing. "Ah, still delay, thou art so fair!" and only then is the hint given that salvation is yet possible for Faust.

It is this conception that we are in the army of humanity, committed to ultimate loyalty to life before our powers of passing judgment come into being, which alone can lift us above the false antithesis of optimism and pes-

simism, above individualism, even above that atomic conception of socialism which regards society as the arithmetical sum of its individual members. Only thus do we rise to the conception of the one spiritual life which is in us all, older and greater than each, binding us together in the warp and woof of the texture whose future weaving is entrusted to us. This doctrine lifts us far beyond the notion of our rights. Duty is the sovereign category of existence. How can I, debtor as I am to mankind for far more than I ever can render, be so self-blinded as to dream of my rights in the world? My business is to pay what I owe, what is due from me; and in striving to discharge my duties I shall find my energies sufficiently absorbed. The only rights I can dare to ask are such conditions as shall enable me to discharge my duties. The idea of rights is an individualistic conception, rooted in the notion that happiness is possible or attainable as a direct goal. The false premise that the pursuit of happiness is a natural and inalienable right leads inevitably up to the blind individualistic struggle for existence which has prevailed in America and Europe ever since the eighteenth century. We are now engaged in pitiful attempts to rectify one by one the monstrous social consequences of the doctrine. The task is a Sisyphean task, and wholly vain, until we perceive the root from which our evils spring and resolutely set ourselves to its extirpation.

The quaintly expressed teaching of Carlyle on this matter embodies the lesson that we still need to learn. "The fraction of life," he tells us, "can be increased in value not so much by increasing your numerator as by lessening your denominator. . . . . Make thy claim of wages a zero then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write, 'It is only with re-

nunciation (*entsagen*) that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'" Renunciation, then, is to be our method. But there are two conceptions of renunciation, and the difference between them is one not of method but of purpose, of goal. According to one of these, it is true that with renunciation life may be said to begin. According to the other, however, it would be truer to say that with renunciation life ends. These two theories, superficially so alike, but in motive and purpose so opposite, express the whole difference between the East and the West, between Buddhist and Christian tradition.

The likeness between Buddhism and Christianity has been insisted on by many modern writers, until we have almost come to believe that these are but two names for the same system. Comparative mythologists have asserted the practical identity between the legendary history of Buddha and the legendary history of Christ. The theory has even been advanced that the founder of Christianity borrowed his doctrine, through some channel now untraceable, from the great Oriental system. Nor can it be denied that on the surface, and in many of their positive teachings, the two do strongly resemble each other. Both teach infinite compassion, infinite sympathy with suffering, boundless mercy, unfailing pity; and both declare salvation to be attainable only through renunciation. It is in the region of the presuppositions of the two systems, in their ultimate purposes, that the difference lies. Why do they teach renunciation? What is the renunciation to attain? These, the essential questions, they answer in diametrically opposite terms.

Buddha's renunciation is taught as a means of escape from finite, individualized existence. All selfhood, all particularity, all distinction of the individual from the universal life, is necessarily evil. The desire for indi-

vidual continuance, on any terms and for any purpose, is the root of sin, the cause of all suffering. Only in Nirvana, where all individuality is submerged and lost, can final peace be attained. The Buddhist, therefore, renounces life because life is through and through evil. The Noble Eightfold Path is the path to extinction. All self-affirmation is sinful, delusive, inherently frustrative of the ends it seeks. Renunciation, then, is not only the first but also the last word of Buddhism.

Our Western tradition, on the other hand, places renunciation on an entirely different footing. Here it is not the end, but the means. Here it arises not from despair of life, but from full and perfect loyalty to life. It is instrumental only to the attainment of a richness and perfection of being which can be reached through no other means. You are to die to the lower self in order that you may live to the higher. You are to renounce your individual cravings only that you may be set free to participate in the great free life which subordinates the animal and material to ends which are ethical, and therefore spiritual. "He that loseth his life shall find it," says the Western tradition. "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant"; and the goal of Western aspiration is that we "might have life and have it more abundantly."

I have termed this the Western tradition, because it would be historically untrue and unfair to limit it merely to Christianity. It is older than Christianity. It is the root and spring of Judaism. Throughout the Old Testament we find the doctrine that righteousness is the key to life, and the desire for fullness of life is everywhere its inspiring principle. The doctrine of a conditional and instrumental renunciation is truly and essentially human. The consecration of it by the spirit of religion only rationalizes an impulse in us which is deep and instinctive—

an instinct which the Judæo-Christian doctrine expresses sanely, and which shrieks insanely, because individualistically, in Nietzsche's pæans of praise to the will-to-power.

Let us be true to this universal human instinct, which the East has despaired of, but which the West, hoping against hope, has loyally held by. The flag of the world is over us, and we are committed to its triumph. Accepting our enlistment, our trusteeship, let us seek life and joy where alone they can be found—in battling against evil for the sake of the fullness of life which it hinders and threatens with destruction.

From such a point of view, without resorting to any supernatural sanctions, or accepting any of the doctrines of orthodox Christianity, we can both reasonably and heartily endorse the contention of Mr. Chesterton that suicide is the sin of sins, because it consists essentially in the renunciation of this ultimate and unconditional loyalty to life. It is far more than a crime against one's family or against one's nation. It is an insult to the stars and the sun. It is the destruction of the universe, for he who slays himself obliterates, so far as he is concerned, "all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth." The suicide affirms by his act the false and foolish doctrine that he, the individual, has a right to happiness, and is free to desert the colors because he is not happy. He whines at the universe, because, forsooth, it will not devote itself to his comfort. The doctrine that we have no right to happiness may be a stern one, but it is certainly true. They who attain happiness are receiving an uncovenanted gift—one for which they should be profoundly thankful, regarding it not as the reward of their deserts but as a bonus undeserved; and wretched are they unless they have disciplined their souls to readiness for the instant withdrawal of the gift. The suicide

is a fugitive from duty, refusing to obey the orders which are written in his own secret nature. He will not be *himself;* for his selfhood—even his—is the affirmation of the universal will to life.

It is not that our allegiance to duty involves the acceptance of an authority arbitrarily imposed upon us from without. We, if we know ourselves, are organically, constitutionally, on the side of right, for that is the side of life; and in appealing for this unconditional loyalty one does but appeal for fidelity to what is deepest and most real in every human being's personal soul. We are to perfect the experiment of existence by making the moral end sovereign over all other ends; and if our individual circumstances are such that this supreme end entails the surrender of happiness, the endurance of pain, physical or spiritual, we should accept our place as a place of honor. "To the sentinel, that hour is regal when he mounts on guard." The call for a forlorn hope is the call to what is highest and finest in us. The man or the woman whose peculiar duty it is to demonstrate, through spiritual triumph over suffering, how moral heroism can overcome the evil of the world—he or she is exalted to the place of honor, and the refusal of the post is the ultimate cowardice.

We have lately been observing the fiftieth anniversary of the Gettysburg Speech, and this week we celebrate that peculiarly American holy-day which expresses in its origin and history this very loyalty of which I have been endeavoring to speak. I would suggest that we read annually in our families, as a part of the observance of Thanksgiving Day, this Gettysburg Speech of Lincoln's, and that in doing so we widen out its thought, so that it shall commit us not merely to loyalty to our nation but to loyalty to that universal life of which our na-

tion is only one phase, one incarnation. Conscious of our infinite indebtedness to humanity and to the cosmic forces which converge in humanity, let us on Thanksgiving Day highly resolve that our trusteeship for these, our august benefactors, shall not have been bestowed on us in vain; that life, moral and spiritual, whose root and crown is the idealism latent in our rational nature, shall not perish from the universe.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

By William James.

When Mr. Mallock's book with this title appeared some fifteen years ago, the jocose answer that "it depends on the *liver*" had great currency in the newspapers. The answer that I propose to give cannot be jocose. In the words of one of Shakespeare's prologues,

> "I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
> That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
> Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,"

must be my theme. In the deepest heart of all of us there is a corner in which the ultimate mystery of things works sadly, and I know not what such an Association as yours intends nor what you ask of those whom you invite to address you, unless it be to lead you from the surface-glamour of existence and for an hour at least to make you heedless to the buzzing and jigging and vibration of small interests and excitements that form the tissue of our ordinary consciousness. Without further explanation or apology, then, I ask you to join me in turning an attention, commonly too unwilling, to the profounder bass-note of life. Let us search the lonely depths for an hour together and see what answers in the last folds and recesses of things our question may find.

I.

With many men the question of life's worth is answered

*Address delivered at Harvard University and before the Philadelphia Ethical Society in 1895. Reprinted to meet a constant demand.

by a temperamental optimism that makes them incapable of believing that anything seriously evil can exist. Our dear old Walt Whitman's works are the standing text-book of this kind of optimism; the mere joy of living is so immense in Walt Whitman's veins that it abolishes the possibility of any other kind of feeling.

"To breathe the air, how delicious!
To speak, to walk, to seize something by the hand! . . .
To be this incredible God I am! . . .
O amazement of things, even the least particle!
O spirituality of things!
I too carol the Sun, usher'd or at noon, or as now, setting,
I too throb to the brain and beauty of the earth and of all the growths of the earth. . . .

I sing to the last the equalities, modern or old,
I sing the endless finales of things,
I say Nature continues—glory continues,
I praise with electric voice,
For I do not see one imperfection in the universe,
And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at last."

So Rousseau, writing of the nine years he spent at Annecy, with nothing but his happiness to tell:

"How tell what was neither said nor done nor even thought, but tasted only and felt, with no object of my felicity but the emotion of felicity itself. I rose with the sun and I was happy; I went to walk and I was happy; I saw 'Maman' and I was happy; I left her and I was happy. I rambled through the woods and over the vine-slopes, I wandered in the valleys, I read, I lounged, I worked in the garden, I gathered the fruits, I helped at the indoor work, and happiness followed me everywhere; it was in no one assignable thing; it was all within myself; it could not leave me for a single instant."

If moods like this could be made permanent and constitutions like these universal, there would never be any occasion for such discourses as the present one. No philosopher would seek to prove articulately that life is worth living, for the fact that it absolutely is so would vouch for itself and the problem disappear in the vanishing of the

question rather than in the coming of anything like a reply. But we are not magicians to make the optimistic temperament universal; and alongside of the deliverances of temperamental optimisim concerning life, those of temperamental pessimism always exist and oppose to them a standing refutation. In what is called circular insanity, phases of melancholy succeed phases of mania, with no outward cause that we can discover, and often enough to one and the same well person life will offer incarnate radiance to-day and incarnate dreariness to-morrow, according to the fluctuations of what the older medical books used to call the concoction of the humors. In the words of the newspaper joke, "it depends on the liver." Rousseau's ill-balanced constitution undergoes a change, and behold him in his latter evil days a prey to melancholy and black delusions of suspicion and fear. And some men seem launched upon the world even from their birth with souls as incapable of happiness as Walt Whitman's was of gloom, and they have left us their messages in even more lasting verse than his—the exquisite Leopardi, for example, or our own contemporary, James Thomson, in that pathetic book, "The City of Dreadful Night," which I think is less well-known than it should be for its literary beauty, simply because men are afraid to quote its words —they are so gloomy and at the same time so sincere. In one place the poet describes a congregation gathered to listen to a preacher in a great unilluminated cathedral at night. The sermon is too long to quote, but it ends thus:

"O Brothers of sad lives! they are so brief;
A few short years must bring us all relief;
Can we not bear these years of laboring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.—

The organ-like vibrations of his voice,
  Thrilled through the vaultless aisles and died away;
The yearning of the tones which bade rejoice
  Was sad and tender as a requiem lay:
Our shadowy congregation rested still
As brooding on that 'End it when you will.'
* * * * * * * * * * *
Our shadowy congregation rested still,
  As musing on that message we had heard
And brooding on that 'End it when you will';
  Perchance awaiting yet some other word;
When keen as lightning through a muffled sky,
Sprang forth a shrill and lamentable cry:—

The man speaks sooth, alas! the man speaks sooth,
  We have no personal life beyond the grave;
There is no God; Fate knows nor wrath nor ruth:
  Can I find here the comfort which I crave?

In all eternity I had one chance,
  One few years' term of gracious human life:
The splendors of the intellect's advance,
  The sweetness of the home with babes and wife;

The social pleasures with their genial wit;
  The fascination of the worlds of art;
The glories of the worlds of nature lit
  By large imagination's glowing heart;

The rapture of mere being, full of health;
  The careless childhood and the ardent youth,
The strenuous manhood winning various wealth,
  The reverend age serene with life's long truth:

All the sublime prerogatives of Man;
  The storied memories of the times of old,
The patient tracking of the world's great plan
  Through sequences and changes myriadfold.

This chance was never offered me before;
  For me the infinite past is blank and dumb:
This chance recurreth never, nevermore;
  Blank, blank for me the infinite To-come.

And this sole chance was frustrate from my birth,
  A mockery, a delusion; and my breath
Of noble human life upon this earth
  So racks me that I sigh for senseless death.

My wine of life is poison mixed with gall,

My noonday passes in a nightmare dream,
I worse than lose the years which are my all:
What can console me for the loss supreme?

Speak not of comfort where no comfort is,
Speak not at all: can words make foul things fair?
Our life's a cheat, our death a black abyss:
Hush, and be mute envisaging despair.—

This vehement voice came from the northern aisle
Rapid and shrill to its abrupt harsh close;
And none gave answer for a certain while,
For words must shrink from these most wordless woes;
At last the pulpit speaker simply said,
With humid eyes and thoughtful, drooping head,—

My Brother, my poor Brothers, it is thus:
This life holds nothing good for us,
But it ends soon and nevermore can be;
And we knew nothing of it ere our birth,
And shall know nothing when consigned to earth;
I ponder these thoughts and they comfort me."

"It ends soon and nevermore can be," "Lo, you are free to end it when you will,"—these verses flow truthfully from the melancholy Thomson's pen, and are in truth a consolation for all to whom, as to him, the world is far more like a steady den of fear than a continual fountain of delight. That life is *not* worth living the whole army of suicides declare—an army whose roll-call, like the famous evening drum-beat of the British army, follows the sun round the world and never terminates. We, too, as we sit here in our comfort, must "ponder these things" also, for we are of one substance with these suicides, and their life is the life we share. The plainest intellectual integrity, nay, more, the simplest manliness and honor, forbid us to forget their case.

"If suddenly," says Mr. Ruskin, "in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap the nearest human beings who were famishing and in misery were borne into the midst of the company feasting and fancy

free—if, pale from death, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought, be vouchsafed to them? Yet the actual facts, the real relation of each Dives and Lazarus, are not altered by the intervention of the house-wall between the table and the sick-bed—by the few feet of ground (how few!) which are, indeed, all that separate the merriment from the misery."

II.

To come immediately to the heart of my theme, then, what I propose is to imagine ourselves reasoning with a fellow-mortal who is on such terms with life that the only comfort left him is to brood on the assurance "you may end it when you will." What reasons can we plead that may render such a brother (or sister) willing to take up the burden again? Ordinary Christians, reasoning with would-be suicides, have little to offer them beyond the usual negative "thou shalt not." God alone is master of life and death, they say, and it is a blasphemous act to anticipate his absolving hand. But can *we* find nothing richer or more positive than this, no reflections to urge whereby the suicide may actually see, and in all sad seriousness feel, that in spite of adverse appearances even for him life is worth living still? There are suicides and suicides—in the United States about three thousand of them every year—and I must frankly confess that with perhaps the majority of these my suggestions are impotent to deal. Where suicide is the result of insanity or sudden frenzied impulse, reflection is impotent to arrest its headway; and cases like these belong to the ultimate mystery of evil concerning which I can only offer considerations tending towards religious patience at the end of this hour. My task, let me say now, is practically narrow, and my words are to deal only with

that metaphysical *tedium vitæ* which is peculiar to reflecting men. Most of you are devoted for good or ill to the reflective life. Many of you are students of philosophy, and have already felt in your own persons the scepticism and unreality that too much grubbing in the abstract roots of things will breed. This is, indeed, one of the regular fruits of the over-studious career. Too much questioning and too little active responsibility lead, almost as often as too much sensualism does, to the edge of the slope, at the bottom of which lie pessimism and the nightmare or suicidal view of life. But to the diseases which reflection breeds, still further reflection can oppose effective remedies; and it is of the melancholy and *Weltschmerz* bred of reflection that I now proceed to speak.

Let me say immediately that my final appeal is to nothing more recondite than religious faith. So far as my argument is to be destructive, it will consist in nothing more than the sweeping away of certain views that often keep the springs of religious faith compressed; and so far as it is to be constructive it will consist in holding up to the light of day certain considerations calculated to let loose these springs in a normal, natural way. Pessimism is essentially a religious disease. In the form of it to which you are most liable it consists in nothing but a religious demand to which there comes no normal religious reply.

Now there are two stages of recovery from this disease, two different levels upon which one may emerge from the midnight view to the daylight view of things, and I must treat them in turn. The second stage is the more complete and joyous, and it corresponds to the freer exercise of religious trust and fancy. There are, as is well known, persons who are naturally very free in this re-

gard, others who are not at all so. There are persons, for instance, whom we find indulging to their heart's content in prospects of immortality, and there are others who experience the greatest difficulty in making such a notion seem real to themselves at all. These latter persons are tied to their senses, restricted to their natural experience; and many of them moreover feel a sort of intellectual loyalty to what they call hard facts which is positively shocked by the easy excursions into the unseen that they witness other people make at the bare call of sentiment. Minds of either class may, however, be intensely religious. They may equally desire atonement, harmony, reconciliation, and crave acquiescence and communion with the total Soul of Things. But the craving, when the mind is pent in to the hard facts, especially as "Science" now reveals them, can breed pessimism, quite as easily as it breeds optimism when it inspires religious trust and fancy to wing their way to another and a better world.

That is why I call pessimism an essentially religious disease. The nightmare view of life has plenty of organic sources, but its great reflective source in these days, and at all times, has been the contradiction between the phenomena of Nature and the craving of the heart to believe that behind Nature there is a spirit whose expression Nature is. What philosophers call natural theology has been one way of appeasing this craving. That poetry of Nature in which our English literature is so rich has been another way. Now suppose a mind of the latter of our two classes, whose imagination is pent in consequently, and who takes its facts "hard"; suppose it, moreover, to feel strongly the craving for communion, and yet to realize how desperately difficult it is to construe the scientific order of Nature either theologically or poet-

ically, and what result *can* there be but inner discord and contradiction? Now this inner discord (merely as discord) can be relieved in either of two ways. The longing to read the facts religiously may cease, and leave the bare facts by themselves. Or supplementary facts may be discovered or believed in, which permit the religious reading to go on. And these two ways of relief are the two stages of recovery, the two levels of escape from pessimism, to which I made allusion a moment ago, and which what follows will, I trust, make more clear.

III.

Starting, then, with Nature, we naturally tend, if we have the religious craving, to say with Marcus Aurelius, "O Universe, what thou wishest I wish." Our sacred books and traditions tell us of one God who made heaven and earth, and looking on them saw that they were good. Yet, on more intimate acquaintance, the visible surfaces of heaven and earth refuse to be brought by us into any intelligible unity at all. Every phenomena that we would praise there exists cheek by jowl with some contrary phenomenon that cancels all its religious effect upon the mind. Beauty and hideousness, love and cruelty, life and death keep house together in indissoluble partnership; and there gradually steals over us, instead of the old warm notion of a man-loving Deity, that of an awful Power that neither hates nor loves, but rolls all things together meaninglessly to a common doom. This is an uncanny, a sinister, a nightmare view of life, and its peculiar *unheimlichkeit* or poisonousness lies expressly in our holding two things together which cannot possibly agree,—in our clinging on the one hand to the demand that there shall be a living spirit of the whole, and, on

the other, to the belief that the course of nature must be such a spirit's adequate manifestation and expression. It is in the contradiction between the supposed being of a spirit that encompasses and owns us and with which we ought to have some communion, and the character of such a spirit as revealed by the visible world's course, that this particular death-in-life paradox and this melancholy-breeding puzzle reside. Carlyle expresses the result in that chapter of his immortal "Sartor Resartus" entitled The Everlasting No. "I lived," writes poor Teufelsdröckh, "in a continual indefinite pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless Jaws of a devouring Monster, wherein I, palpitating, lay waiting to be devoured."

This is the first stage of speculative melancholy. No brute can have this sort of melancholy, no man that is irreligious can become its prey. It is the sick shudder of the frustrated religious demand, and not the mere necessary outcome of animal experience. Teufelsdröckh himself could have made shift to face the general chaos and bedevilment of this world's experiences very well were he not the victim of an originally unlimited trust and affection towards them. If he might meet them piecemeal, with no suspicion of any Whole expressing itself in them, shunning the bitter parts and husbanding the sweet ones, as the occasion served, and as (to use a vulgar phrase) he struck it fat or lean, he could have zigzagged fairly toward an easy end, and felt no obligation to make the air vocal with his lamentations. The mood of levity, of "I don't care," is for this world's ills a sovereign and practical anæsthetic. But no! something deep down in

Teufelsdröckh and in the rest of us tells us that there *is* a spirit in things to which we owe allegiance, and for whose sake we must keep up the serious mood, and so the inner fever and discord also are kept up—for Nature taken on her visible surface reveals no such spirit, and beyond the facts of Nature we are at the present stage of our inquiry not supposing ourselves to look.

Now, I do not hesitate frankly and sincerely to confess to you that this real and genuine discord seems to me to carry with it the inevitable bankruptcy of natural religion naïvely and simply taken. There were times when Leibnitzes with their heads buried in monstrous wigs could compose Theodicies, and when stall-fed officials of an established church could prove by the valves in the heart and the round ligament of the hip-joint the existence of a "Moral and Intelligent Contriver of the World." But those times are past; and we of the nineteenth century, with our evolutionary theories and our mechanical philosophies, already know nature too impartially and too well to worship unreservedly any god of whose character she can be an adequate expression. Truly all we know of good and beauty proceeds from nature, but none the less so all we know of evil. Visible nature is all plasticity and indifference, a moral multiverse, as one might call it, and not a moral universe. To such a harlot we owe no allegiance; with her as a whole we can establish no moral communion; and we are free in our dealings with her several parts to obey or destroy, and to follow no law but that of prudence in coming to terms with such of her particular features as will help us to our private ends. If there be a divine Spirit of the universe, Nature, such as we know her, cannot possibly be its *ultimate word* to man. Either there is no spirit revealed in nature, or else it is inadequately revealed there; and (as all the

higher religions have assumed) what we call visible nature, or *this* world, must be but a veil and surface-show whose full meaning resides in a supplementary unseen or *other* world.

I cannot help, therefore, accounting it on the whole a gain (though it may seem for certain poetic constitutions a very sad loss) that the naturalistic superstition, the worship of the god of nature simply taken as such should have begun to loosen its hold upon the educated mind. In fact, if I am to express my personal opinion unreservedly, I should say (in spite of its sounding blasphemous at first to certain ears) that the initial step toward getting into healthy ultimate relations with the universe is the act of rebellion against the idea that such a God exists. Such rebellion essentially is that which in the chapter quoted awhile ago Carlyle goes on to describe:

"'Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! . . . Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. . . .

"Thus had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold, thou are fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine'; to which my whole ME now made answer: 'I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!' 'From that hour,' Teufelsdröckh-Carlyle adds, 'I began to be a man.'"

And our poor friend, James Thomson, similarly writes:

"Who is most wretched in this dolorous place?
I think myself; yet I would rather be
My miserable self than He, than He
Who formed such creatures to his own disgrace.

The vilest thing must be less vile than Thou
From whom it had its being, God and Lord!
Creator of all woe and sin! abhorred,
Malignant and implacable! I vow

That not for all Thy power furled and unfurled,
For all the temples to Thy glory built,
Would I assume the ignominious guilt
Of having made such men in such a world."

We are familiar enough in this community with the spectacle of persons exulting in their emancipation from belief in the God of their ancestral Calvinism, him who made the garden and the serpent and pre-appointed the eternal fires of hell. Some of them have found humaner Gods to worship, others are simply converts from all theology; but both alike they assure us that to have got rid of the sophistication of thinking they could feel any reverence or duty towards that impossible idol gave a tremendous happiness to their souls. Now, the idol of a worshipful spirit of Nature also leads to sophistication; and in souls that are religious and would-be scientific, the sophistication breeds a philosophical melancholy from which the first natural step of escape is the denial of the idol; and with the downfall of the idol, whatever lack of positive joyousness may remain, there comes also the downfall of the whimpering and cowering mood. With evil simply taken as such, men can make short work, for their relations with it then are only practical. It looms up no longer so spectrally, it loses all its haunting and perplexing significance as soon as the mind attacks the instances of it singly and ceases to worry about their derivation from the "one and only Power."

Here, then, on this stage of mere emancipation from monistic superstition, the would-be suicide may already get encouraging answers to his question about the worth of life. There are in most men instinctive springs of vi-

tality that respond healthily when the burden of metaphysical and infinite responsibility rolls off. The certainty that you now *may* step out of life whenever you please, and that to do so is not blasphemous or monstrous, is itself an immense relief. The thought of suicide is now no longer a guilty challenge and obsession.

> "This little life is all we must endure,
> The grave's most holy peace is ever sure."

says Thomson; adding, "I ponder these thoughts, and they comfort me." Meanwhile we can always stand it for twenty-four hours longer, if only to see what to-morrow's newspaper will contain or what the next postman will bring. But far deeper forces than this mere vital curiosity are arousable, even in the pessimistically-tending mind; for where the loving and admiring impulses are dead, the hating and fighting impulses will still respond to fit appeals. This evil which we feel so deeply is something which we can also help to overthrow, for its sources, now that no "Substance" or "Spirit" is behind them, are finite, and we can deal with each of them in turn. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that sufferings and hardships do not, as a rule, abate the love of life; they seem, on the contrary, usually to give it a keener zest. The sovereign source of melancholy is repletion. Need and struggle are what excite and inspire us; our hour of triumph is what brings the void. Not the Jews of the captivity, but those of the days of Solomon's glory are those from whom the pessimistic utterances in our Bibles come. Germany, when she lay trampled beneath the hoofs of Bonaparte's troopers, produced perhaps the most optimistic and idealistic literature that the world has seen; and not till the French "millards" were distributed after 1871 did pessimism overrun the country in the shape in which we

see it there to-day. The history of our own race is one long commentary on the cheerfulness that comes with fighting ills. Or take the Waldenses, of whom I lately have been reading, as examples of what strong men will endure. In 1485, a papal bull of Innocent VIII enjoined their extermination. It absolved those who should take up the cross against them from all ecclesiastical pains and penalties, released them from any oath, legitimitized their title to all property which they might have illegally acquired, and promised remission of sins to all who should kill the heretics.

"There is no town in Piedmont," says a Vaudois writer, "where some of our brethren have not been put to death. Jordan Terbano was burnt alive at Susa; Hippolite Rossiero at Turin; Michael Goneto, an octogenarian, at Sarcena; Vilermin Ambrosio hanged on the Col di Meano; Hugo Chiambs of Fenestrelle, had his entrails torn from his living body at Turin; Peter Geymarali of Bobbio, in like manner had his entrails taken out in Luzerne, and a fierce cat thrust in their place to torture him further; Maria Romano was buried alive at Rocca Patia; Magdalena Fauno underwent the same fate at San Giovanni; Susanna Michelini was bound hand and foot and left to perish of cold and hunger on the snow at Sarcena; Bartolomeo Fache, gashed with sabres, had the wounds filled up with quicklime, and perished thus in agony at Fenile; Daniel Michelini had his tongue torn out at Bobbo for having praised God; James Baridari perished covered with sulphurous matches which had been forced into his flesh under the nails, between the fingers, in the nostrils, in the lips, and all over the body and then lighted; Daniel Rovelli had his mouth filled with gunpowder which, being lighted, blew his head to pieces; . . . Sara Rostignol was slit open from the legs to the bosom, and so left to perish on the road between Eyral and Luzerna; Anna Charbonnier was impaled, and carried thus on a pike from San Giovanni to La Torre."*

Und dergleichen mehr! In 1630, the plague swept away one-half of the Vaudois population, including fifteen of their seventeen pastors. The places of these were supplied from Geneva and Dauphiny, and the whole Vaudois

*Quoted by George E. Waring in his book on Tyrol.

people learned French in order to follow their services. More than once their number fell by unremitting persecution from the normal standard of twenty-five thousand to about four thousand. In 1686, the Duke of Savoy ordered the three thousand that remained to give up their faith or leave the country. Refusing, they fought the French and Piedmontese armies till only eighty of their fighting men remained alive or uncaptured, when they gave up and were sent in a body to Switzerland. But in 1689, encouraged by William of Orange and led by one of their pastor-captains, between eight hundred and nine hundred of them returned to capture their old homes again. They fought their way to Bobi, reduced to four hundred men in the first half year, and met every force sent against them, until at last the Duke of Savoy, giving up his alliance with that abomination of desolation, Louis XIV, restored them to comparative freedom. Since which time they have increased and multiplied in their barren Alpine valleys to this day.

What are our woes and sufferance compared with these? Does not the recital of such a fight so obstinately waged against such odds fill us with resolution against *our* petty powers of darkness, machine politicians, spoilsmen, and the rest? Life is worth living, no matter what it brings, if only such combats may be carried to successful terminations and one's heel set on the tyrant's throat. To the suicide, then, in his supposed world of multifarious and immoral Nature, you can appeal, and appeal in the name of the very evils that make his heart sick there, to wait and see *his* part of the battle out. And the consent to live on, which you ask of him under these circumstances, is not the sophistical "resignation" which devotees of cowering religions preach. It is not resignation in the sense of licking a despotic deity's hand. It

is, on the contrary, a resignation based on manliness and pride. So long as your would-be suicide leaves an evil of *his own* unremedied, so long he has strictly *no concern* with evil in the abstract and at large. The submission which you demand of yourself to the general fact of evil in the world, your apparent acquiescence in it, is here nothing but the conviction that evil at large is *none of your business* until your business with your private particular evils is liquidated and settled up. A challenge of this sort, with proper designation of detail, is one that need only be made to be accepted by men whose normal instincts are not decayed, and your reflective would-be suicide may easily be moved by it to face life with a certain interest again. The sentiment of honor is a very penetrating thing. When you and I, for instance, realize how many innocent beasts have had to suffer in cattle cars and slaughter pens and lay down their lives that we might grow up, all fattened and clad, to sit together here in comfort and carry on this discourse, it does, indeed, put our relation to the Universe in a more solemn light. "Does not," as a young Amherst philosopher (Xenos Clark, now dead) once wrote, "the acceptance of a happy life upon such terms involve a point of honor?" Are we not bound to do some self-denying service with our lives in return for all those lives upon which ours are built? To hear this question is to answer it in only one possible way, if one have a normally constituted heart!

Thus, then, we see that mere instinctive curiosity, pugnacity, and honor may make life on a purely naturalistic basis seem worth living from day to day to men who have cast away all metaphysics in order to get rid of hypochondria, but who are resolved to owe nothing as yet to religion and its more positive gifts. A poor halfway stage, some of you may be inclined to say; but at

least you must grant it to be an honest stage; and no man should dare to speak meanly of these instincts which are our nature's best equipment, and to which religion herself must in the last resort address her own peculiar appeals.

IV.

And now, in turning to what religion may have to say to the question, I come to what is the soul of my discourse. Religion has meant many things in human history, but when from now onward I use the word I mean to use it in the supernaturalist sense, as declaring that the so-called order of nature that constitutes this world's experience is only one portion of the total Universe, and that there stretches beyond this visible world an unseen world of which we now know nothing positive, but in its relation to which the true significance of our present mundane life consists. A man's religious faith (whatever more special items of doctrine it may involve) means for me essentially his faith in the existence of an unseen order of some kind in which the riddles of the natural order may be found explained. In the more developed religions this world has always been regarded as the mere scaffolding or vestibule of a truer, more eternal world, and affirmed to be a sphere of education, trial, or redemption. One must in some fashion die to this world before one can enter into life eternal. The notion that this physical world of wind and water, where the sun rises and the moon sets, is absolutely and ultimately the divinely aimed at and established thing, is one that we find only in very early religions, such as that of the most primitive Jews. It is this natural religion (primitive still in spite of the fact that poets and men of science whose good-will exceeds their perspicacity keep publish-

ing it in new editions tuned to our contemporary ears) that, as I said a while ago, has suffered definite bankruptcy in the opinion of a circle of persons, amongst whom I must count myself, and who are growing more numerous every day. For such persons the physical order of nature, taken simply as Science knows it, canont be held to reveal any one harmonious spiritual intent. It is mere *weather,* as Chauncey Wright called it, doing and undoing without end.

Now, I wish to make you feel, if I can in the short remainder of this hour, that we have a right to believe that the physical order is only a partial order; we have a right to supplement it by an unseen spiritual order which we assume on trust, if only thereby life may seem to us better worth living again. But as such a trust will seem to some of you sadly mystical and execrably unscientific, I must first say a word or two to weaken the veto which you may consider that Science opposes to our act.

There is included in human nature an ingrained naturalism and materialism of mind which can only admit facts that are actually tangible. Of this sort of mind the entity called "Science" is the idol. Fondness for the word "scientist" is one of the notes by which you may know its votaries; and its short way of killing any opinion that it disbelieves in is to call it "unscientific." It must be granted that there is no slight excuse for this. Science has made such glorious leaps in the last three hundred years, and extended our knowledge of Nature so enormously both in general and in detail; men of science, moreover, have as a class displayed such admirable virtues, that it is no wonder if the worshipers of Science lose their head. In this very University, accordingly, I have heard more than one teacher say that all the fundamental conceptions of truth have already

been found by Science, and that the future has only the details of the picture to fill in. But the slightest reflection on the real conditions will suffice to show how barbaric such notions are. They show such a lack of scientific imagination, that it is hard to see how one who is actively advancing any part of Science can make a mistake so crude. Think how many absolutely new scientific conceptions have arisen in our own generation, how many new problems have been formulated that were never thought of before, and then cast an eye upon the brevity of Science's career. It began with Galileo just three hundred years ago. Four thinkers since Galileo, each informing his successor of what discoveries his own lifetime had seen achieved, might have passed the torch of Science into our hands as we sit here in this room. Indeed, for the matter of that, an audience much smaller than the present one, an audience of some five or six score people, if each person in it could speak for his own generation, would carry us away to the black unknown of the human species, to days without a document or monument to tell their tale. Is it credible that such a mushroom knowledge, such a growth overnight as this, *can* represent more than the minutest glimpse of what the Universe will really prove to be when adequately understood? No! our Science is a drop, our ignorance a sea. Whatever else be certain, this at least is certain: that the world of our present natural knowledge *is* enveloped in a larger world of *some* sort of whose residual properties we at present can frame no positive idea.

Agnostic positivism, of course, admits this principle theoretically in the most cordial terms, but insists that we must not turn it to any practical use. We have no right, this doctrine tells us, to dream dreams, or *suppose* anything about the unseen part of the universe, merely be-

cause to do so may be for what we are pleased to call our highest interests. We must always wait for sensible evidence for our beliefs; and where such evidence is inaccessible we must frame no hypotheses whatever. Of course this is a safe enough position *in abstracto*. If a thinker had no stake in the unknown, no vital needs, to live or languish according to what the unseen world contained, a philosophic neutrality and refusal to believe either one way or the other would be his wisest cue. But, unfortunately, neutrality is not only inwardly difficult, it is also outwardly unrealizable, where our relations to an alternative are practical and vital. This is because, as the psychologists tell us, belief and doubt are living attitudes, and involve conduct on our part. Our only way, for example, of doubting, or refusing to believe, that a certain thing *is*, is continuing to act as if it were *not*. If, for instance, we refuse to believe that the room is getting cold, we must leave the windows open and light no fire just as if it still were warm. If I refuse to believe that you are worthy of my confidence, I must keep you uninformed of all my secrets just as if you were *un*worthy of the same. And similarly if, as the agnostics tell me, I must not believe that the world *is* divine, I can only express that refusal by declining ever to act distinctively as if it were so, which can only mean acting on certain critical occasions, as if it were *not* so, or in an unmoral and irreligious way. There are, you see, inevitable occasions in life when inaction is a kind of action and must count as action, and when not to be *for* is to be practically *against*. And in all such cases strict and consistent neutrality is an unattainable thing.

And after all, isn't this duty of neutrality where only our inner interests would lead us to believe, the most ridiculous of commands? Isn't it sheer dogmatic folly

to say that our inner interests *can* have no real connection with the forces that the hidden world *may* contain? In other cases divinations based on inner interests have proved prophetic enough. Take Science herself! Without an imperious inner demand on our part for ideal, logical, and mathematical harmonies, we should never have attained to proving that such harmonies lie hidden between all the chinks and interstices of the crude natural world. Hardly a law has been established in Science, hardly a fact ascertained, that was not first sought after, often with sweat and blood, to gratify an inner need. Whence such needs come from we do not know—we find them in us, and biological psychology so far only classes them with Darwin's "accidental variations." But the inner need of believing that this world of nature is a sign of something more spiritual and eternal than itself is just as strong and authoritative in those who feel it, as the inner need of uniform laws of causation ever can be in a professionally scientific head. The toil of many generations has proved the latter need prophetic. Why *may* not the former one be prophetic, too? And if needs of ours outrun the visible universe, why may not that be a sign that an invisible universe is there? What, in short, has authority to *debar* us from trusting our religious demands? Science as such assuredly has no authority, for she can only say what is, not what is not; and the agnostic "thou shalt not believe without coercive sensible evidence" is simply an expression (free to any one to make) of private personal appetite for evidence of a certain peculiar kind.

Now, when I speak of trusting our religious demands. just what do I mean by "trusting"? Is the word to carry with it license to define in detail an invisible world and to anathematize and excommunicate those whose trust

is different? Certainly not! Our faculties of belief were not primarily given us to make orthodoxies and heresies withal; they were given us to live by. And to trust our religious demands means first of all to live in the light of them, and to act as if the invisible world which they suggest were real. It is a fact of human nature that men can live and die by the help of a sort of faith that goes without a single dogma or definition. The bare assurance that this natural order is not ultimate but a mere sign of vision, the external staging of a many-storied universe, in which spiritual forces have the last word and are eternal; this bare assurance is to such men enough to make life seem worth living in spite of every contrary presumption suggested by its circumstances on the natural plane. Destroy this inner assurance, vague as it is, however, and all the light and radiance of existence is extinguished for these persons at a stroke. Often enough the wild-eyed look at life,—the suicidal mood will then set in.

And now the application comes directly home to you and me. Probably to almost every one of us here the most adverse life would seem well worth living, if we only could be *certain* that our bravery and patience with it were terminating and eventuating and bearing fruit somewhere in an unseen spiritual world. But granting we are not certain, does it then follow that a bare trust in such a world is a fool's paradise and lubberland, or rather that it is a living attitude in which we are free to indulge? Well, we are free to trust at our own risks anything that is not impossible and that can bring analogies to bear in its behalf. That the world of physics is probably not absolute, all the converging multitude of arguments that make in favor of idealism tend to prove. And that our whole physical life may lie soaking in a

spiritual atmosphere, a dimension of Being that we at present have no organ for apprehending, is vividly suggested to us by the analogy of the life of our domestic animals. Our dogs, for example, are *in* our human life but not *of* it. They witness hourly the outward body of events whose inner meaning cannot, by any possible operation, be revealed to their intelligence, events in which they themselves often play the cardinal part. My terrier bites a teasing boy, for example, and the father demands damages. The dog may be present at every step of the negotiations, and see the money paid without an inkling of what it all means, without a suspicion that it has anything to do with *him*. And he never *can* know in his natural dog's life. Or take another case which used greatly to impress me in my medical-student days. Consider a poor dog whom they are vivisecting in the laboratory. He lies strapped on a board and shrieking at his executioners, and to his own dark consciousness is literally in a sort of hell. He cannot see a single redeeming ray in the whole business; and yet all these diabolical-seeming events are usually controlled by human intentions with which, if his poor, benighted mind could only be made to catch a glimpse of them, all that is heroic in him would religiously acquiesce. Healing truth, relief to future sufferings of beast and man are to be bought by them. It is genuinely a process of redemption. Lying on his back on the board there he is performing a function incalculably higher than any prosperous canine life admits of; and yet, of the whole performance, this function is the one portion that must remain absolutely beyond his ken.

Now turn from this to the life of man. In the dog's life we see the world invisible to him because we live in both worlds. In human life, although we only *see* our

world, and his within it, yet encompassing both these worlds a still wider world may be there as unseen by us as our world is by him; and to believe in that world *may* be the most essential function that our lives in this world have to perform. But "*may* be! *may* be!" one now hears the positivist contemptuously exclaim: "what use can a scientific life have for maybes?" Well, I reply, the "scientific" life itself has much to do with maybes, and human life at large has everything to do with them. So far as man stands for anything, and is productive or originative at all, his entire vital function may be said to be to deal with maybes. Not a victory is gained, not a deed of faithfulness or courage is done, except upon a maybe; not a service, not a sally of generosity, not a scientific exploration or experiment or text-book, that *may* not be a mistake. It is only by risking our persons from one hour to another that we live at all. And often enough our faith beforehand in an uncertified result *is the only thing that makes the result come true.* Suppose, for instance, that you are climbing a mountain and have worked yourself into a position from which the only escape is by a terrible leap. Have faith that you *can* successfully make it, and your feet are nerved to its accomplishment. But mistrust yourself, and think of all the sweet things you have heard the scientists say of *maybes,* and you will hesitate so long that, at last, all unstrung and trembling, and launching yourself in a moment of despair, you roll in the abyss. In such a case (and it belongs to an enormous class), the part of wisdom as well as of courage is to *believe what is in the line of your needs,* for only by belief is the need fulfilled. Refuse to believe, and you shall indeed be right, for you shall irretrievably perish. But believe, and again you shall be right, for you shall save yourself. You *make*

one of the other of two possible universes true by your trust or mistrust, both universes having been only *maybes,* in this particular, before you contributed your act.

Now, it appears to me that the question whether life is worth living is subject to conditions logically much like these. It does, indeed, depend on you, the liver. If you surrender to the nightmare view and crown the evil edifice by your own suicide, you have indeed made a picture totally black. Pessimism, completed by your act, is true beyond a doubt, so far as your world goes. Your mistrust of life has removed whatever worth your own enduring existence might have given to it; and now, throughout the whole sphere of possible influence of that existence, the mistrust has proved itself to have had divining power. But suppose, (on the other hand, that instead of giving way to the nightmare view you cling to it that this world is not the *ultimatum.* Suppose you find yourself a very well-spring, as Wordsworth says, of

> "Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
> As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
> Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas."

Suppose, however thickly evils crowd upon you, that your unconquerable subjectivity proves to be their match, and that you find a more wonderful joy than any passive pleasure can bring in trusting ever in the larger whole. Have you not now *made* life worth living on *these* terms? What sort of a thing would life really be, with *your* qualities ready for a tussle with it, if it only brought fair weather and gave these higher faculties of yours no scope? Please remember that optimism and pessimism are definitions of the world, and that our own reactions on the world, small as they are in bulk, are integral parts of the whole thing, and necessarily help to determine the definition. They may even be the decisive elements in

determining the definition. A large mass can have its unstable equilibrium overturned by the addition of a feather's weight. A long phrase may have its sense reversed by the addition of the three letters *n, o, t.* This life *is* worth living, we can say, *since it is what we make it, from the moral point of view,* and we are determined to make it from that point of view, so far as we have anything to do with it, a success.

Now, in this description of faiths that verify themselves I have assumed that our faith in an invisible order is what inspires those efforts and that patience of ours that makes this visible order good for moral men. Our faith in the seen world's goodness (goodness now meaning fitness for successful moral and religious life) has verified itself by leaning on our faith in the unseen world. But will our faith in the unseen world similarly verify itself? Who knows?

Once more it is a case of *maybe.* And once more *maybes* are the essence of the situation. I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world *may* not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself, in short, *may* draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the Universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight; as if there were something really wild in the Universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem. And first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild, half-saved

universe our nature is adapted. The deepest thing in our nature is this *Binnenleben* (as a German doctor lately has called it), this dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and unwillingnesses, our faiths and fears. As through the cracks and crannies of subterranean caverns the earth's bosom exudes its waters, which then form the fountain-heads of springs, so in these crepuscular depths of personality the sources of all our outer deeds and decisions take their rise. Here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things; and compared with these concrete movements of our soul all abstract statements and scientific arguments, the veto, for example, which the strict positivist pronounces upon our faith, sound to us like mere chatterings of the teeth. For here possibilities, not finished facts, are the realities with which we have actively to deal; and, to quote my friend William Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Society, "as the essence of courage is to stake one's life on a possibility, so the essence of faith is to believe that the possibility exists."

These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life *is* worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific proof" that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of Being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! we fought at Arques, and you were not there."

The Aim of the Ethical Culture Societies

By Felix Adler.

A brief general statement of the aim of the Ethical Culture Societies is herewith made in order to give a clearer understanding of our ultimate purpose.

Important moral questions are discussed on the platforms of the Ethical Societies in the course of the year, questions relating to peace between nations, to the personal life, to the perils that menace the modern family, to the moral issues involved in the conflict between employers and wage-earners and the life.

A Religious Society.

But it is to be kept in mind that the Ethical Society is a religious Society, in the essential sense of the word. In the name of what the Society stands for we bury the dead, we consecrate the marriage bond, we hold up ideals of conduct to the young, we seek to fortify the courage of those who are hard pressed in the struggle for existence, and we console the afflicted. These functions, it will be generally admitted, are the characteristic functions of a religious society; and inasmuch as we undoubtedly exercise them, and have done so more or less acceptably for many years, it seems strictly within bounds to say that the Ethical Society is a religious society.

Have We a Creed?

But if this be admitted, the question will immediately be put to us: By what authority do you perform these offices? You say that your Society is a religious body; what, then, is your creed? Do you, for instance, believe in God? We would answer: Some of us do, others are undecided, the opinions of some of us may possibly be distinctively negative; but even the class last mentioned are not excluded from our fellowship. Do you then, we shall be asked, believe in the doctrine of immortality? To this second question we should have to make precisely the same reply.

We, as a Society, do not undertake to pronounce upon these questions. It is true, we are not a theistic society, but neither are we an atheistic society; we are not a gnostic society, but neither are we an agnostic society. In our Society there is room for the greatest possible diversity of belief, and moreover, diversity of belief is distinctly encouraged. As members of a society we have all sorts of creeds, as a society we have none. The one novel and characteristic mark of the Ethical Society on which it is necessary to fix the attention in order to understand it is, that a common creed is not the condition of fellowship, is not the basis of union. We are united, but by other means and by an agreement of a totally different nature.

Our Bond of Union.

Moreover, great stress is to be laid on the fact that we are united; we do work together in a common spirit and for definite ends. What then, is this bond of union; if you have no common creed, the inquirer will ask, have you a common philosophy? Without expatiating on this point, we shall, it seems, have to dispose of it in the same manner as above. An agreement on philosophic first principles is neither enforced nor expected. Here again it is believed that unfettered liberty is best, and that such liberty is incompatible with exacting, as the condition of membership in an Ethical Society, assent to any philosophical form, however broad and enlightened.

Moral Striving.

The basis of union is the sense of a common need, a keenly-realized desire to get away from bad ways of living, and at least to approximate toward the better ways of living. We have the conviction that for the solution of the grave and tangled problems which beset us as individuals and society generally, more light is needed as well as more fervor, and in the greatness of our need and with faith in our human reason, we seek such light. We have the conviction, that in matters relating to conduct, truth is found by trying; and that while a man "errs so long as he strives," yet on the other hand it is only by continuing to strive that he can correct his errors, and only by venturing forth in untried directions that he can discover new truth. The Ethical Culture Society may be described as a society dedicated to moral striving.

The Ideal of Holiness.

But the common search and effort are dependent on agreement in at least one fundamental particular. We are agreed that the thing we search for is the thing which we cannot afford to do without; we are agreed that the attempt to live in right relations, to realize what is called righteousness, to approximate toward the ideal of holiness, is that which alone gives worth to human life.

Religious Functions.

And it is in the name of this ideal of holiness that we exercise our religious functions. In its name we consecrate the marriage bond; the marriage relation itself is intrinsically holy, apart from any benediction or sanctification from the outside; it is this intrinsic holiness of the relation that we accentuate in the ceremony. In the name of the same ideal we bury the dead; the sacredness of human life and the eternal ends to which it is consecrated, are the underlying text of the words we speak at the brink of the grave. By the same ideal, we seek to console the afflicted, urging them to turn their sufferings to account as means of growth and moral development. And finally, it is

the same thought of the divine content possible to every human life here and now, which we seek to impress upon the young.

Progress in Right Living.

There is a certain definite view of life underlying the Ethical Movement, As every religion has taught a fundamental conception of life, and has gained strength by so doing, so we, too, are teaching a certain fundamental conception, the conception namely, that progress in right living is the paramount aim and end of life; that right thinking and right believing are important only as they lead to right living, and that the thinking and believing must approve themselves to be right by the fruits they produce in conduct.

Theories and Creeds Secondary.

In the sphere of Science, theories of what is true have their day. They come and go, leave their deposit in the common stock of knowledge, and are supplanted by other more convincing theories. The thinkers and investigators of the world are pledged to no special theory, but ever feel themselves free to search for the greater truth beyond the utmost limits of present knowledge. So likewise in the field of moral truth, it is our hope, that men in proportion as they grow more enlightened, will learn to hold their theories and their creeds less rigidly, and will none the less, nay, rather all the more enhance their devotion to the supreme end of practical righteousness to which all theories and creeds must be kept subservient.

Intellectual Liberty and Moral Unity.

There are two purposes then which we have in view: To secure in the moral and religious life perfect intellectual liberty, and at the same time concert in action. There shall be no shackles upon the mind, no fetters imposed in early youth which the growing man or woman may feel inhibited from shaking off, no barrier set up which the adventurous thought of man may not transcend. And on the other hand we wish to bring about unity of effort, the unity that comes of an end supremely prized and fervently loved, the unity of earnest morally aspiring persons, irrespective of theological or metaphysical belief, in the conflict with moral evil.

Unite With Us!

This is our platform, and we earnestly appeal to all those who agree with us in these positions to make open profession of their agreement and to join themselves to us, in order that we may be enabled the more effectually to carry out our difficult task.

International Journal of Ethics

With its July number "The International Journal of Ethics" will complete its twenty-fourth volume. The quarter century nearly covered since the "Journal" began publication has been as extraordinary in the development of ethical problems as in the industrial and commercial changes out of which these problems have arisen. The "Journal" has aimed to represent this development and to contribute to the advancement not only of ethical knowledge, but of ethical practice.

A new set of problems is now coming to the fore which calls for greater recognition. Justice is more definitely the focus of present ethical thinking, and law, as the great agency of organized society for securing justice, is undergoing criticism. But the more thoughtful recognize that the inadequacy of our present administration of justice is not fundamentally due to personal faults of judges and lawyers; nor yet solely to defects in procedure great as these defects may be. The ideas, the principles of justice need reexamination and restatement in the light of present conditions. The time is ripe for constructive thinking.

The "Journal" believes this task of considering the underlying principles of law to be so important that it will give especial, though by no means exclusive, prominence to this field, beginning with the opening of its twenty-fifth volume. The Editorial Board will be reorganized so as to include representation of law as well as of philosophy and the social sciences. The personnel of the new Board will be announced in the July number. For this new task the "Journal" bespeaks the co-operation of all who are interested in constructive efforts toward ethical advance.

THE STANDARD—A New Periodical

A Journal to Promote Ethical Thinking and to Encourage Better Ways of Living.

The American Ethical Union will publish, beginning May 1st, a new Monthly Journal, entitled "The Standard." This periodical will be issued from New York, and will appear eight months in each year, from October to May. The price has been fixed at fifteen cents a number, or one dollar a year, postpaid. The Inaugural Number will be presented free to all persons subscribing now for the year beginning in October next.

"The Standard" will seek **to focus public attention on the great ethical problems,** both those of a general character, such as the meaning of human life, and the nature of moral principles, and those of a specific sort, such as the ethics of the various vocations, the ethics of the family and of the eugenics movement, the problems of the re-organization of industrial and business life on ethical lines, and questions relating to the moral education of children and the continuance of moral culture in adult life. The practical needs of our day demand a **deep and earnest attention to the solution of such problems,** and this earnestness the new journal will endeavor to promote.

"The Standard" will deal from an ethical standpoint with **political movements and legislative proposals,** as these arise from time to time, and will insist on the **development of human personality** as a cardinal end which the democracy should serve. It will also pay close attention to modernism in the various Churches, and to the movement of ethical thought in the great world-religions.

The viewpoint of "The Standard" will be that of an ethics independent of theological sanctions, but not therefore necessarily antagonistic to all or any forms of religious belief. It will seek to understand and criticise all systems of ethical thought from **the point of view of immediate moral experience,** and in the light of the latter to gain closer insight into the principles which ought to govern human conduct, and the best methods of giving practical application to these.

While the new journal will seek primarily to be of value and interest to the general reader, and to assist the public in **the intelligent discussion of matters of right and wrong,** a secondary purpose will be to act as a means of communication amongst the Ethical Culture Societies, and the numerous groups of persons with which these are in touch.

"The Standard" will be controlled by an Editorial Board consisting of the following: Professor Felix Adler, Mr. Horace J. Bridges, Mr. Percival Chubb, Dr. John L. Elliott, Mr. Alfred

W. Martin, Dr. David Saville Muzzey, Dr. Henry Neumann, Mr. G. E. O'Dell (Managing Editor), and Mr. S. Burns Weston.

The **Inaugural Number** will include the following items:

"The Moral Awakening of the Wealthy," an Address by Professor Adler.

"An Experiment in Co-Operation between Masters and Men," an account of the School for Printers established at the Hudson Guild, by Mr. Chas. J. Liebmann.

"The Spiritual Aspect of Social Reform," by Dr. John L. Elliott.

"A Pilgrim Teacher in America." Notes on his Tour by Mr. F. J. Gould, Demonstrator to the English Moral Education League.

"World-Unity in Religion," by Mr. Alfred W. Martin.

"Ex-President Eliot's Twentieth Century Religion," by Dr. David Saville Muzzey.

"The Work of the Ethical Culture High School and its Relation to the Ethical End in Education," by Dr. H. A. Kelly.

"Social Worship," a review of Dr. Stanton Coit's new ethical service book, by Mr. Percival Chubb.

"Education and Ethics," by Dr. Henry Neumann.

"Letters on Current Topics from Chicago (by Mr. Horace J. Bridges), St. Louis (by Mr. Chubb), New York and other Centres.

"Article on the Child Labor Conference at New Orleans."

An Address by Professor Adler will appear in each issue of "The Standard" during 1914-15. Early numbers will contain symposia on "The Definition of Democracy," "Right and Wrong Methods in Sex Teaching," "The Introduction of Constitutional Democracy into Industrial Plants," and on the question "To what Extent is a Man's Business his Own?"

It is hoped that all persons interested in the objects of THE STANDARD will at once fill out and post the appended subscription form. Checks and money orders should be made payable to the American Ethical Union.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

To the American Ethical Union, 2 West Sixty-fourth Street, New York.

Sirs: Please send me eight issues of "The Standard," beginning October, 1914, and also the Inaugural Number to be published on May 1st, next. I enclose the sum of One Dollar.

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